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L'ACADIEN -1913-

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L'ACADIEN 1913



PUBLISHED BY THE
SENIORS
SOUTHWESTERN LOUISIANA
INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE



EDWIN LEWIS STEPHENS

Dedication

L'Acadien feels a deep sense of pride in dedicating this, its second volume, to one who is so thoroughly deserving of the very highest testimonial of appreciation. His unflinching devotion to duty up to the level of every day's most quiet need and his unceasing loyalty to that cause to which he has consecrated his life and service—the leading of a great school—have stamped him for all time as a gentleman “sans peur et sans reproche.” In the words of his much loved poet, Robert Browning, we say all honor to him—

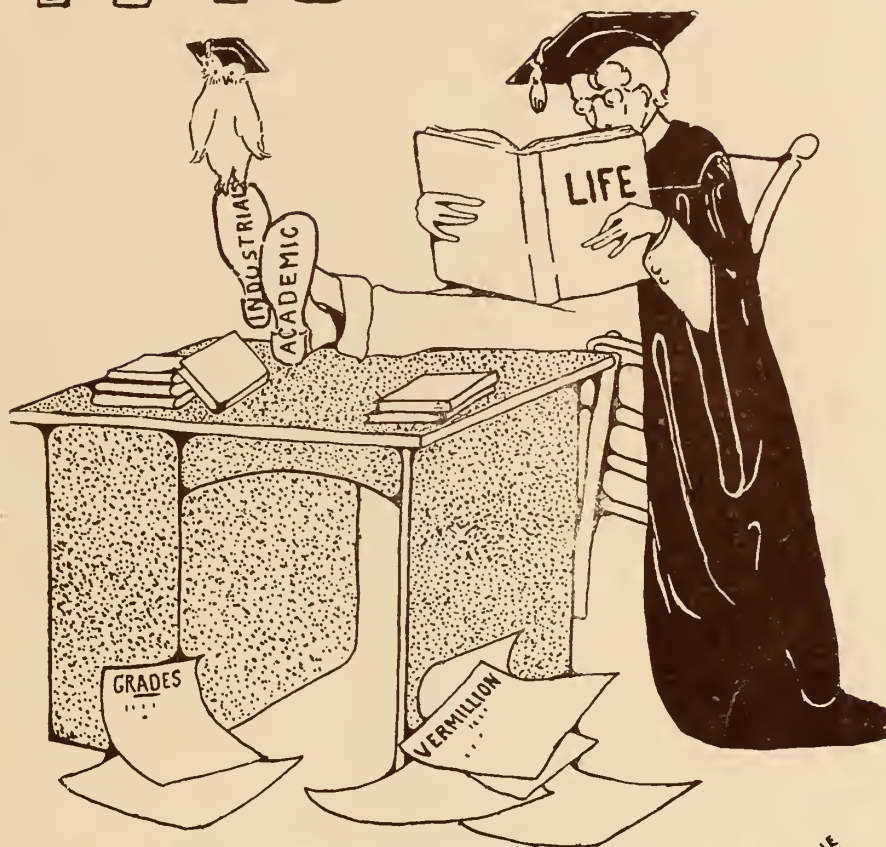
“Who never turned his back but marched breast-forward,
Never doubted clouds would break;
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, baffled to fight better, sleep to wake.”



L'Acadien Editors

EPPIE P. MOSS	Business Manager
WILLIE L. ALDRIDGE	Art
MARY B. GERMANY	Literary
LIONEL JAGOU	Associate

FACULTY



POALE





Faculty

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President

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Mechanic Arts and Draughting
RALPH HOLDEN AGATE
Director Commercial Department
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MISS MARIE MERCEDES GUEYDAN
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MISS CATHARINE HOPKINS
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H. LEE PRATHER
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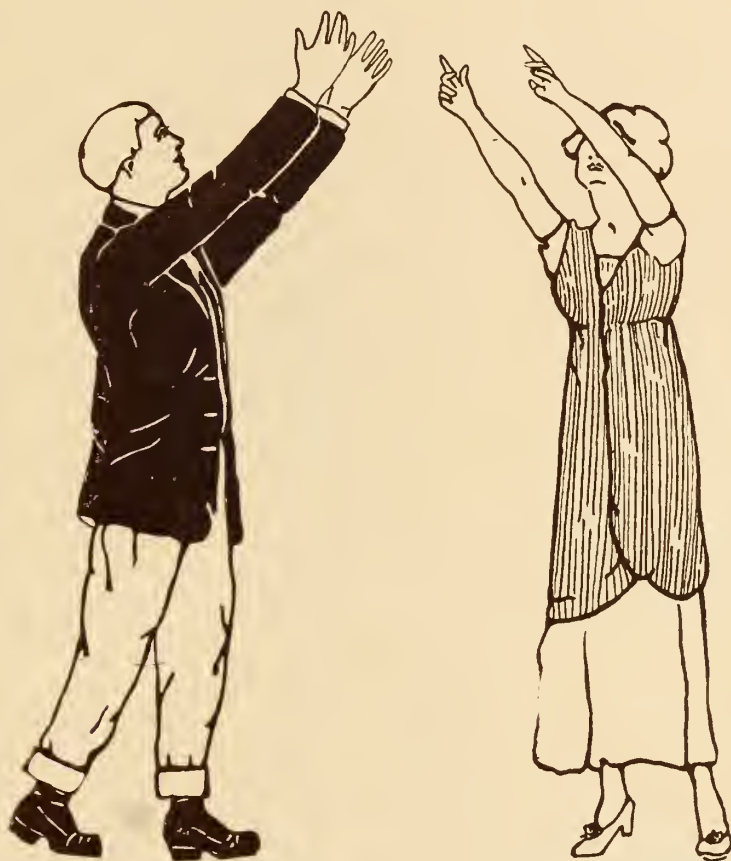
GLENN W. GOLDSMITH, A.B.
Biology and Bacteriology

IRVING P. FOOTE
Supervisor Practice Teaching

HENRY L. GRIFFIN, A.B.
History

HENRY LUCIUS REAVES, B.S.
Agriculture and Horticulture

SENIOR



G M & L

Academic



JOHN MARSHALL DENBO

Lafayette, La.

Entered S. L. I. I. '08; Band, '08, '09, '10; Captain Band, '10; Attakapas Literary Society, '08, '13; Editor and Treasurer Attakapas, '12, '13; Athletic Representative, '11, '12; Class President, '09; Football, '12; Tennis Team, '09, '13; President Tennis Club, '10; Vice-President, '13; Member of Bread Gang and Union, '12, '13; Builders S. L. I. I. Gymnasium, '13; Mechanical Department, '10, '13.

"Can't someone help me do the faculty?"



EPPIE PARKERSON MOSS

Lafayette, La.

Katzenjammer Club, Attakapas Society, '12, '13; Secretary Attakapas, '12; Home Economics Club, '12; Debating Club, '12; Vermilion Staff, '12, '13; Business Manager L'Acadien, '13; Tennis Club, '13; Captain Basket-Ball, '12, '13.

"Of all athletic girls, both great and small,

Eppie Moss beats them all."



PATRICK EDWARD MOUTON

Lafayette, La.

Entered S. L. I. I., '08; Private Co. B., '09; Corporal Co. B., '10; Sergeant Co. C., '10; Band, '11, '12, '13; Attakapas Society, '09, '13; Tennis Team, '11, '13; Scrub Football Team, '11, '12, '13; Member "Bread Gang," '13; Member "Union," '13; Mechanical Department, '10; '12, '13; Builders S. L. I. I. Gymnasium.

"Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife;
I'll quit them and take me a wife."



SAMUEL B. LYONS

Sulphur, La.

Entered S. L. I. I., '09; Captain Scrub Football Team, '11; President Avatar Literary Society, '11, '12; Varsity Football Team, '12; Member Tennis Club, '13; Hobo Club, '13; President Senior Class, '13.

"A 'Lyon' among women is a terrible thing."



LILLIE MARIE BREAUX

Church Point, La.

Entered S. L. I. I., September, '09; Member Attakapas Literary Society, '09-'12; Treasurer, '11; President, '11; Treasurer, '12; Secretary, '13; Class President, '10; Class Editor, '10; Athletic Representative, '11, '12, '13; Varsity Basket-Ball, '09 to '13; Editor, '11, '12; Business Manager, '12, '13; Tennis Club, '13; Editor Girl's Dormitory, '12.

"Oh, vain! oh, vain! and sweetly grave,
She can't just make her eyes behave."



LLOYD LEE

Lafayette, La.

Entered from Marion High School, '10; Class President, '11; Varsity Football Team, '11, '12; Varsity Captain, '12; Member Avatar Literary Society, '10, '13; President Avatar, '13.

"So long as life and health allows,
I'll be raising hogs and cows."



JOSEPH MAXIME ROY

Re-entered S. L. I. I., September, '11; Vice-President Class, '12; Vermilion Staff, '11-'13; Chosen Debater in Normal Debate, '12; Attakapas Debater for Julian Mouton Gold Medal, '12; Member Debating Club, '12; Member Brass Band, '11, '12, '13; Member Attakapas Society, '11, '12, '13; President Attakapas Society, '13; Member "Bread Gang;" Tennis Club, '13.

"Brains, not size, make men."



HILDA ROSENFELD

Lafayette, La.

Entered S. L. I. I. Fall '09; Member Avatar Literary Society; Class Editor, '11; Class Secretary, '10; Vice-President Avatar, '12; Class Treasurer, '13.

"Methinks it were an easy task to pluck honors from the pale-faced man."



LIONEL JAGOU

Lafayette, La.

Entered S. L. I. I., in '09; Member Attakapas Society, '09-'13; Football Scrubs, '10-'12; Football Varsity, '13; Home Economics Club, '12; Vermilion Staff, '12, '13; L'Acadien Staff, '13.



CHARLES COMFORT

Abbeville, La.

Entered S. L. I. I., 'c9; Attakapas Literary Society, '09-'13; Vice-President, '11, '12; President, '13; Institute Band, '10-'13; Editor Vermilion, '10; Scrub Football, '11; Varsity, '12; Mechanical Department, '09-'13; Builder of S. L. I. I. Gymnasium; Editor-in-chief of Vermilion, '12, '13; Glee Club, '12; Quartet Boy's, '13.

"Like the parrot, methinks I talk too damn much."



EUNICE BLANCHET

Lafayette, La.

Entered S. L. I. I. '09; Member of Avatar Society; Member of Basket-Ball, '10, '11; Glee Club, '12, '13; President of Class, '10; Vermilion Staff, '11, '12.

"Gay and happy and sweet is she,
A noble soul we know her to be."



ALBERT FRANKLIN BOYD

Leesville, La.

Member of the Avatar Literary Society; Glee Club; Vermilion Staff; Track Team, '11, '12, '13; Leader of the Rooters' Club, '12, '13; President of the Senior Class, '12; First Tenor Institute Quartet; Member of the Hobo Gang, '12, '13.

"I have scarce met a man who knew less and said more."



ALOYSIUS LAUNEY

Ville Platte, La.

Entered S. L. I. I., '12; Member of Avatar Literary Society; Secretary of Class, '13; Member of Tennis Club, '13.

"He reads much; he is a great observer, and he looks quite through the deeds of men."



MARY IDA RUGER

Lafayette, La.

Entered S. L. I. I., '09, from Lafayette Public School; Member of Avatar Society.

"Here is a soul with hope immortal
burns,
And life, ignoble life, for glory spurns!"



FRANCIS VOORHIES LAUNEY

Ville Platte, La.

Entered S. L. I. I., '12; Member of Avatar Society; Vice-President Avatar Society; Member of Varsity Football Team.

"To his experience and his native sense,
He joined a bold imperious eloquence."



ELOI GIRARD

Lafayette, La.

Entered S. L. I. I., '10; Class President, '10; Member Avatar Society, '12, '13; Member Bread Gang, '13; Member Tennis Club.

"Then try, my boy, as soon as you can,
To assume the manners and bearing of
a man."



CORA LEA MERRITT

Coverdale, La.

Entered S. L. I. I., September, '09; Member Avatar Literary Society; Member Vermilion Staff, '12, '13; Tennis Club, '12, '13.

"A grave and reverend Senior she,
Experience has shown what she will
be."



ODEN HEBERT

Milton, La.

Entered S. L. I. I., from Milton High School, '10; Attakapas Literary Society, '13; Substitute Varsity Basket-ball, '12; Scrub Football, '11, '12; Varsity, '13; Track Team, '11; Glee Club, '12, '13; Builders of S. L. I. I. Gymnasium, '13; Vermilion Staff, '11, '12.

"A good student, and a good man."



MARIE LOUISE HORAIST

Sunset, La.

Graduated from Sunset High School,
'12; Entered S. L. I. I., September, '12;
Member of Avatar Society.

"Content to follow when we lead the
way."

ADNER M. LAFLEUR

Ville Platte, La.

Entered S. L. I. I., '12, from Louisiana
State Normal; Member of Avatar Lit-
erary Society.

"The scholar of scholars."

MOTTO: Carpe Diem

COLORS: Light Blue and Dark Blue

FLOWER: Red Rose

Senior Class Poem

When in life's after years we '13 are far apart;
Still we'll be bound together by the old-time heart to heart
And golden chains of flowers, of Black-Eyed seasons dear,
And other tender memories of our fleeting Senior Year.

We thought we found our school life a field a-bloom with flowers,
And vainly fancied, as people will, that the goal of all our powers
Lay in the crossing. But not so; for we've discovered late
A field beyond; the goal when reached, we saw was but a gate.

Through this gate we soon shall pass into green "Pastures New,"
But to you, Alma Mater, our hope is to remain most true;
And when out on life's moor our paths are widening far,
May the lesson, learned from you, be for each a guiding star.

E. P. M.

Academic Senior History

NOTHING can be more gratifying than a quiet reminiscence of a pleasant and profitable past. The Class of 1913 has now reached the point where it may turn a retrospective eye and view the events of the past four years; years which have been of vital interest and importance to us all, years of toil and disaster, yet not without the reward and the joys of work well done, and of fond hopes realized.

Within the first few days after school opened, crowds of candidates had matriculated, presented their certificates or stood entrance examinations, and had been admitted into the Freshman Class. They were a singular lot, representing every type of boy and girl. On the faces of all beamed a look of intelligence, heightened by the look of expectancy and inquiry, characteristic of every new student. From the moment we stepped on the campus, slowly and surely the "Southwestern Spirit" began to surge into our beings with an irresistible force.

Our first days were of torture and suspense on account of exams. Those who never before had made a speech suddenly became fluent orators under the magic influence of stern voices from Seniors and Faculty. Some of our parents would have been paralyzed with astonishment could they have seen us stepping around so rapidly and lively.

Thus our college life began. That fall Southwestern had one of the greatest football teams in her history, losing but few games. We backed them up in spirit, and spurred them on to victory. We did well in basketball and baseball, too. Commencement, with its gaieties and impressive ceremonies, ended our period of Freshmanhood. With gladsome hearts we all went home for the summer months.

As September again approached we felt the call stirring within us and many responded. A few had failed to return but there were others to take their places. Now we were Sophomores, each, in his own opinion, "a veritable lord of the universe," who straightway evinced a disposition to assume the guardianship of his inexperienced successors. For all our gambols and pranks out of school, we were strictly "decorous" in school. We attended roll calls with astonishing punctiliousness. Military discipline was enforced strictly this year. On Saturday mornings, many of the boys, inwardly quaking, but outwardly bold, would wait to hear their names abused—meaning "tours." Athletics were stronger than ever, and many of us made the Varsity teams in girls' basket-ball, boys' basket-ball, football, baseball, and track.

Another happy vacation was spent; then the flippant Sophomore returned as a dignified Junior. As usual, football was the chief topic of interest at the opening of school. This year Mr. Mac again developed a fine team. About seven of the men were Juniors. Baseball practice again was taken up with the usual vigor. Some of the Varsity players were from our class and again the Juniors showed their superiority. Finals were now approaching and "mid-night oil" became the slogan. When the examinations were finally finished, we all anxiously awaited the chapel period that would give us our ill-fate or good luck. Most of us were ready for a week of gaiety and enjoyment. Thus our Junior year ended.

Now we are grave Seniors, proud of our high standing that we so hard worked for. We now smile at our Freshmanhood terrors, blush at our Sophomoric freshness and audacity, congratulate ourselves on passing our Junior uncertainties, and set our faces toward the first goal of our ambition—a diploma. Twenty strong, we constitute one of the best Senior classes in the history of Southwestern.

Our career as a class has been a checkered one. In athletics our achievements have ranged from class championships on "up." The vitality of the class is wonderful. Some of its members have been known to recover from a dreadful illness in a single morning, and become baseball "cheer leaders" by afternoon. We have attained pre-eminence in many ways. Our liars are the most ingenuous, our crooks the most versatile, our orators the most millifluent, and our scholars the most intellectual.

Throughout four long years we have clung together. Soon we will pass from these old school portals to face the stern realities of life. History is concerned with only the present and the past; the future we must leave to the prophet. But—let us all remember, that our future careers are to be determined largely by our character, which has had a firm start toward the RIGHT in the four years spent at our Alma Mater.

EPPIE MOSS.



Senior Class Prophecy

I WAS so sleepy I could hardly keep my wits about me, but I had an engagement that could not be broken, so I had to go. We walked along, making our way to the moving-picture show. I told Robert that I knew that I should go to sleep, but he insisted that I wouldn't. We went into the theater and sat near the rear. It seemed that the name of the picture was, "You Never Can Tell." Well, you certainly can't tell, because I saw my classmates of 1913, and what they would be doing in the future.

First, I saw Louise Horiast, as a book agent, go into a man's store and simply make him buy her books. We next came to a show window. One of the ladies in the window looked very familiar and I soon realized it was Hilda Rosenfield. There she stood, still posing at the age of thirty, in a black suit. In an instant we were seated in an opera house to hear a lecture on woman suffrage. When the lecturer came forward I thought she looked like someone whom I had seen before, but I didn't dream it was really she. Much to my utter amazement I soon recognized the speaker as Lilly Breaux. Before I recovered from the shock that Lilly gave me, we were in an army hospital looking into a room over which was written, "General's Office." There was Cora Merritt, carefully stroking the forehead of her sick husband. She, of all members of our class, I thought would be the last to surrender to matrimony. I was rapidly changed from there to a ten-cent vaudeville show. A dainty maiden stepped out to give toe dancing, for which she was noted, and I recognized her in a moment to be Eunice Blanchet, who always said she would either be a toe-dancer or a prima donna. But the missionary came next. There in the Fiji Islands, surrounded by admiring little heathens, stood Mary Ruger, with a Bible in one hand and a map in the other, teaching her daily mission class.

Noticing on a sign that the largest undertaking firm in Chicago was run by Girard & Mouton, I was very curious, but before we could see anything inside the shop, we saw that Lloyd Lee's dray had just run over Adner Le Fleur, who was a mail-carrier. And guess—the policeman was Aloysius Launey. He grabbed Lloyd and brought him to be locked up, and who should appear on the scene with the jail keys tied to his belt but old Charles Comfort. Adner was taken to the hospital and I nearly fainted when I saw Sam Lyons, with sleeves rolled up, ready to do his duty.

Well, who else could Oden Hebert be—here we saw him in his car as a "coquette." Maxime Roy was driving his car very recklessly. We followed them up and then we saw that we were on L. S. U. Campus. Sure enough, there was a crowd of spectators watching a football game between L. S. U.

and Tulane. A dispute arose and they called out for the L. S. U. coach to settle it. Up stepped an enormous man, and he was none other than Marshall Denbo.

Who ever heard of Lionel Jagou being a palmist? But there he was, the world-famous palmist and mesmerist. The "Madam" was telling Voorhies Launey's fortune and predicted that he and Charles Comfort would succeed in swindling the First National Bank. The large hunk of coin they would in turn lose in a crap game to the famous gambler, Franklin Boyd, whom every one thought would be a preacher.

Thus have I been enabled to lay before you a most exact and impartial outline of your future lives and it is my sincere hope that you will all richly deserve the brilliant futures which lie before you.

E. P. M.

Senior Class Will

We, the undersigned members of the class of 1913, being of sound mind and disposing will, do hereby make our last will and testament to the Class of 1914:

1. It is with a feeling of sadness that we hereby bequeath to the incoming graduating class our position as Seniors, our various privileges, all the responsibilities of the Annual, and the warning that Senior life is prose and not poetry.

2. Oden wills to Stella, when she happens to come to class with lessons unprepared, his "few and far between," hard-earned A's.

3. "Pat" gives to any two members of 1914 his sole aim and purpose to graduate from S. L. I. I. with the least possible exertion.

4. Marshall bequeaths to Bryant his pleasant (?) facial expression and his tendency to "loaf."

5. Eppie wills to Nora her "red-headed" temper.

6. Lilly hereby bequeaths to Lilla her "Jim's" middy blouse and her athletic tendencies.

7. Hilda gives to Alice her Physics Experiments so that she can beat "Mr. Mac" out of work.

8. Franklin Boyd wills to Edna his oratorical ability.

9. Eunice bequeaths to Stella Theriot her "crushes" on the younger contingent of the Faculty.

10. Cora hands down to Catherine her love for Domestic Science.

11. To our "Alma Mater" we bequeath our memorial, may it bring to those who gaze upon it none but pleasant memories of the Class of 1913.

E. P. M.

Pedagogy

MADGE LOUISE PATTERSON

Lake Charles, La.

Graduated from Lake Charles High School, '11; Entered S. L. I. I., '12; Member Avatar Literary Society.

"Oh, let me close my eyes and dream,
Sweet fanciful, vagrant dreams of love."

LORRAINE STEPHENS KIRK- WOOD

Lake Charles, La.

Graduated from Lake Charles High School, '11; Entered S. L. I. I., '12; Member Avatar Literary Society; Glee Club; Secretary Teachers' Training Class, '12.

"Music hath charms, and so hath
Lorraine."

NONA GARDINER

Gueydan, La.

Graduate from Gueydan High School, '12; Entered S. L. I. I., '12; Member of Avatar Literary Society; Member of Tennis Club, '13.

"And she's not as bashful as she looks,
This maid that cares very much for
books."





WILLIE LEE ALDRIDGE

Bunkie, La.

Graduate of Bunkie High School, '12;
Entered S. L. I. I., September, '12;
Katzenjammer Club; Attakapas Society;
Annual Staff, '13; Vermilion Staff, '13;
Tennis Club.

"Timid ever; bold never."



MARY B. GERMANY

Bunkie, La.

Entered S. L. I. I., from W. W. I.,
Centerville, Miss., '12; Member Avatar
Literary Society; Society Treasurer, '13;
Secretary Tennis Club, '13; Glee Club;
Annual Staff; Katzenjammer Club;
Class Treasurer, '12, '13.

"She loves many, she trusts few,
She always paddles her own canoe."



FRANCES TAULMIN TARLTON

Grand Coteau, La.

Student of Sacred Heart Academy,
Grand Coteau, La.; Entered S. L. I. I.,
September, '12; Member of Attakapas
Literary Society, '12, '13; Tennis Club,
'12, '13; Katzenjammer Club, '13.

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will
be clever."



MARY CALLIER TARLTON

Grand Coteau, La.

Student of Sacred Heart Academy, Grand Coteau, La.; Entered S. L. I. I., September, '12; Member Basket-Ball Team; Treasurer Avatar Literary Society, '12; Tennis Club, '12, '13; Katzenjammer Club, '13.

"She loves Pedagogy."



VESTA MASON

Cheneyville, La.

Graduate of Cheneyville High School in '12; Entered S. L. I. I., '12; Member of Attakapas Literary Society.

"Still water runs deep."



DORA AGNES O'BRYAN

Abbeville, La.

Graduate of Abbeville High School, '12; Entered S. L. I. I., '12; Member Avatar Society.

"Neither too young to be bashful,
Nor too old to be careful."



ALICE JOSEPHINE CHACHERE

Opelousas, La.

Graduated from Opelousas High School, '10; Entered S. L. I. I., September, '12.

"To graduate is her only ambition."



ALICE MULLICAN

Eunice, La.

Graduated Eunice High School, '12; Entered S. L. I. I., '12; Member of Avatar Society.

"A very gentle heart and a good conscience."



ETTA THIGPEN

Oakdale, La.

Graduated from Oakdale High School, '12; Entered S. L. I. I., '12; Member of Avatar Society.

"Age can not wither her, nor custom stale,
Her infinite variety."



KATE SUDDUTH

Opelousas, La.

Graduated from Opelousas High School, '12; Entered S. L. I. I., September, '12.

"Plodding along the path of knowledge."

LOUISE M. SHELBURNE

Morgan City, La.

Graduated from Morgan City High School, '12; Entered S. L. I. I., September, '12; Member Attakapas Literary Society; Member of Basket-Ball Team.

"Be sure you are right, then go ahead."

MOTTO: Nihil sine Labore

COLORS: Blue and Old Gold

FLOWER: Goldenrod

Teachers' Training Course

VENIMUS, Vidimus, Vicimus!" we can in very truth exclaim now, as we stand and look back on this year spent at S. L. I. I., with its pleasures, pains, hard-fought battles and glorious victories.

We have come, we have seen, we have conquered, and my aim now is to recount as nearly as possible, how we came, what we have seen and how we have conquered, without allowing my esteem and love of my class to influence me to exaggerate.

Venimus! On a bright, sunshiny day in the middle of September, we reached the old town of Lafayette, a crowd of girls who were quite excited over the idea of being "freshies" at S. L. I. I. We were a body of a dozen or more strong that marched down Main street; some from Bunkie, some from Cheneyville, some from Lake Charles; in fact, a number of Louisiana towns were represented among us.

Vidimus! By 11:30 o'clock we reached the portals of our home to be for a year, and as we walked up the cinder path we took in at one glance the campus, the main building and arts and craft building, all of which had a very school-like air about them, and the two dormitories ready to welcome all newcomers.

When the school year was well begun we gathered together and elected our officers: the charming "Jeune Veuve," president; Tot Kirkwood, secretary, and the popular Miss Germany, treasurer. We also chose our class motto: "Nihil sine Labore," and the class colors, blue and old gold.

After this much was accomplished we felt like an organized class and made up our minds to stand by each other through thick and thin.

Vicimus! We have conquered. It would take too long to recount the numerous studies we have conquered, for they were many indeed. Suffice it to say that we acknowledge ourselves, with all humility, victors over psychology, that difficult branch of metaphysics; and also over the art of teaching, with which so many of us at first had such difficult battles.

We have passed through periods of despondency and gloom, when Trig seemed too much for us and physics was unconquerable. There have also been times of pleasure and enjoyment when we came out with good marks; and we rejoice when we consider that our teachers will agree with us in acknowledging us the victors.

We have always been interested in athletics of all kinds and though all the members of our class have not taken part in them, there are many among us who have enjoyed playing basket-ball and tennis.

Literary societies aroused a keen interest and excitement among us and especially the debates which often led to animated discussions.

Like all other good things this period of enjoyment has come to an end, and it is with feelings of sorrow and regret that we bid farewell to our beloved books and to our dear teachers and classmates.

I have recounted as nearly as possible our past and present, but what our future will be is still hidden from us. Nearly as we can foresee we are destined to be old-maid school teachers. However, we are in hopes that the fates will at least be kind to us.

F. T.

Teachers' Creed

We believe in Dr. Stephens, ruler of Southwestern Louisiana Industrial Institute, and in Professor C. J. McNaspy.

We believe that we were born in Louisiana, deceived in coming to S. L. I. I., suffered under Mr. Irving P. Foote, were tried, convicted, and part of us flunked, were reinstated in December, ascended into the Senior Class, and obeyed Miss Hebrard, the omnipotent one. From thence we shall graduate in June, 1913.

We believe in the serving of confinements, the punishment of teachers, the non-granting of permits to dance on Friday, the denial of privileges, and life everlasting in the dormitory. Amen!



Technical Courses

COMMERCIAL

WARREN LACOSTE

Entered S. L. I. I., '09; Member Band, '10, '11, '12, '13; Editor Vermilion, '09, '10, '11, '12; Secretary Commercial Class, '12, '13.

"Never a worry, never a care."

YVONNE ARNANDEZ

Entered S. L. I. I., September, 1912; Member of Attakapas Society; Was Officer on The Vermilion Staff '12, '13; Secretary of Commercial Class, '12; Member of Glee Club, '12, '13.

"One of those little things at S. L. I. I. that counts."

THEO JOSEPH BREAUX

Entered S. L. I. I. Commercial Class, '12; Member of Attakapas Literary Society.

"'Tis well to be merry and wise,
'Tis well to be honest and true."





FRANCES EMMA RAY

September 18, '12; Chaperon for the girl's dormitory; Entered Commercial Class of '12.

"A perfect woman nobly planned to warm, to comfort and command."



JULES BROUSSARD

Entered S. L. I. I., '12.

"Men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."



JEAN OZER LEBLANC

Entered S. L. I. I., '12; President Commercial Class, '13.

"A man of spotless reputation,
Whose words are equal to his hand."



MARIE STECKLER

New Iberia, La.

Entered S. L. I. I. Summer School, '12.

"Shy maid, we miss thee."



ROBERT MORRIS MAUMUS

"Pope" Entered S. L. I. I., '11.

"A merry heart doeth good like
medicine."



DURWOOD JOHN THIBODEAUX

Entered S. L. I. I., '10, from Amelia,
La.; Editor Class, '10; Scrub Football
Team, '12; Treasurer Commercial Class,
'13.

"All in all a man, for else he could not
be."



J. J. BUCKLEY

Entered S. L. I. I., September, '12;
Played Full Back on Varsity Football
Team, '11; Guard, '12; Won First Place
Throwing the Hammer Field Day, '12.

"At every word a reputation dies."



A. LANDRY

Entered Commercial, '12.

"Scared out of his seven senses."



LOUIS OFEY PECK ("PECO")

Entered S. L. I. I., '10; Commercial De-
partment, '12.

"A noticeable man with large grey eyes."



Stenography

ROBERT AUCOIN

Amelia, La.

Entered S. L. I. I., from Jefferson College in '11; Member Scrub Football Team, '12; Member Band, '12, '13.

"All that I ask is to be let alone."

ELLA BELLE McNATT

Gillis, La.

Entered S. L. I. I., from DeRidder High School, '12; Member of Avatar Society; Secretary of Class, '13; Secretary of Avatar Society, '13; Girls' Basketball Team, '12, '13; President Tennis Club, '13; Member Katzenjammer Club.

"Fair tresses man's imperial race en-
snare,
And beauty draws us with a single
hair!"

ROBERT BRITTIAN COTTINGIM

Franklinton, La.

Entered S. L. I. I. from Franklinton High School in 1912; Member of the Avatar Society.

"Persist, preserve and you will find most
things attainable that are possible."



OSCAR JOSEPH POCHE

Lafayette, La.

Entered S. L. I. I. from Washington High School, '11; Graduated Commercial, '12.

"Words, words, idle words."



HAZEL MARY MAYFIELD

Lafayette, La.

Entered S. L. I. I. from Lafayette Public School, '12.

"She was as good as she was fair."



ALFRED S. MILLER

Lafayette, La.

Entered S. L. I. I., from Lafayette High School in 1911; Member Scrub Football Team, '12; Member Varsity Basket-Ball Team, '13.

"The deed I intend is great,
But what, as yet, I know not."



FANNIE FERN LARRABEE

Lafayette, La.

Entered S. L. I. I. from Lafayette High School in 1910; Member Avatar Society; Vice-President of the Avatar Society, '10, '11; President Junior Class, '11; Editor Vermilion Staff, '10, '11; Entered Stenography Department, '12; President of Class, '13; Business Manager Vermilion, '12, '13; Member Basketball Team, '11, '12.

"The grass stoops not she treads on it so lightly."



HARRY JOSEPH SHEPHERD

Chacahoula, La.

Entered S. L. I. I. from Chacahoula Graded School, '11; Editor Vermilion, '11; Member Indoor Baseball Team, '12; Scrub Football Team, '11; Varsity Football Team, '12.

"One of the few immortal names that was not born to die."



HILARY BIERHORST

Mandeville, La.

Entered S. L. I. I. from Mandeville High School in 1912; Member of the Avatar Society.

"A girl who will succeed wherever she goes."



DORA MARGUERITE BOYD

Washington, La.

Entered S. L. I. I. from St. Charles Academy at Lake Charles, La., in 1912; Member Avatar Literary Society.

"A face more fair, a form more sweet,
ne'er hath it been my lot to meet."

EDWIN M. REEVES

Lafayette, La.

Entered S. L. I. I. from Lafayette High School, 1910; Member of Avatar Society.

"In my work and in my fun, I look out
for Number One."

ZENOBIA CARROLL POPE

Cleveland, Tex.

Entered S. L. I. I. from Cleveland High School, '12; Member of Attakapas Society.

"The long and the short of it."



OLIVE MARY CAILOUET

Lafayette, La.

Entered S. L. I. I. from Mt. Carmel Academy at Lafayette, La., in 1912; Editor for Vermilion, '13; Member Avatar Society.

"Neatness first, last and all of the time."



MARIAN A. BARNER WILLIAMS

New Orleans, La.

Entered S. L. I. I. from Sophie Wright High School, '12; Member of Avatar Society; President Class, '12; Treasurer of Class, '13.

"Seriousness never enters my mind."



LOUISE BLOCK HEURTEVANT

Opelousas, La.

Entered S. L. I. I. from Opelousas High School in 1912; Member of the Avatar Society.

"She declares she will be an old maid, But we shall see what we shall see."



CARRIE A. MARSHALL

DeRidder, La.

Entered S. L. I. I. from Kinder High School, '12; Member of the Avatar Society.

"A thing of beauty and a joy forever."

ULYSSE P. HAYDEL

Glencoe, La.

Entered S. L. I. I. from Glencoe Graded School in 1909; Graduated Commercial, '11; Member Avatar Society.

"He puts himself upon his good behavior."

Commercial Class

ACCURACY is the twin brother of honesty; inaccuracy of dishonesty. This is the key-note of the Commercial Class of 1912-1913. A man may have all kinds of accuracy, but it will be of little value to him if he is afraid to put it to use.

On September 18th when school began, fourteen pupils wended their way up to the third floor of S. L. I. I., and entered room 15. Here we readily grasped the situation; this was the room wherein we were to make our mark, to give the best there was in us, and to receive our training. With heart and soul we set out to reach the aim of our endeavors. Little did we dream of what awaited us.

On entering we were asked to write our names and a specimen of our handwriting, which was filed in the office. What a transformation, when four months afterwards these first copies were exhibited. It seemed impossible that so much could have been accomplished in so little time.

Our bookkeeping course which we had every reason to believe would be our easiest subject, became a little more difficult, and many a weary hour was spent over a six-foot trial balance, whose debits and credits seemed never to correspond.

The Commercial Class can claim the honor of being the only Law Class in this school, and many a learned discussion is entered into by its members. We have labored over "Contracts," "Insurance," and many other topics of vital importance to a business student. We have come to the conclusion that should we ever get into trouble we would know enough to seek the service of a competent attorney.

One of the most interesting features of the Commercial Department is the adding machine. In the beginning of our school work this term, many of us had never seen one before and often a new-comer would be seen gazing steadily, and wondering, perhaps, what part this instrument would play in the Commercial Course. We have all overcome this feeling of awe, and turn to our Burroughs with unlimited confidence.

Another feature of interest to us is that our class is the only class in school which, each year, gives to its department a pennant, a token of appreciation for the help and encouragement we have received within its walls. Eight other pennants now adorn our class-room, eight histories, each of which tells its different tale, and looking on our class-room now, we can not help but experience a feeling of happiness, for above us hangs our banner, proclaiming to all who may follow us that our work has been well done.

The Stenography Class

CLASS MOTTO: "Give to the world the best you have"

CLASS COLORS: Black and Old Gold

OFFICERS

FANNIE FERN LARRABEE	President
OSCAR JOSEPH POCHE	Vice-President
ELLA BELLE McNATT	Secretary
MARIAN A. BARNER WILLIAMS	Treasurer
OLIVE MARY CAILOUET	Editor

HOW soon has time, the subtle thief of youth, stolen on its wings the session of nineteen hundred and twelve and thirteen, leaving behind with us many happy memories of the days spent at dear old S. L. I. I. There we, the Stenography Class of 1913 have walked down the broad way of success and fitted ourselves for what we have chosen to be our life's work.

In the Fall Term of 1912 the doors of Southwestern Industrial Institute were first opened to us. We entered with a determination to make our class the best one that ever graduated from this department, and now we hope that we have succeeded in this undertaking. We have had more opportunities offered our class than were offered before in this department. The fact that we have had better working facilities, in the way of machines of different makes and a Dictaphone, gives us the privilege of being more competent graduates than any of our predecessors. Our class consists of nineteen boys and girls, the largest number that have ever entered this course. In the Spring Term another boy joined our ranks, and at the same time we regretfully gave up one of our brightest classmates, who is now holding a splendid position with the Telephone Company of Lafayette.

At first Shorthand seemed very difficult, but after a few weeks of diligent work, we had no more trouble. And as we found we could write anything in the English language in Spencerian, we began to have hopes that our class might produce an Edward Bok, a George Cortelyou, or even a Charles Dickens. And like men of fame we say:

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

B. McNATT.

FURTH-YEAR





Fourth Year Class

OFFICERS

MABEL DUMARTRAIT	President
NORA COTTER	Vice-President
CATHARINE BUCHANAN	Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

Catharine Buchanan	Stella Comeaux	Edna Lambert
Alice Bertrand	Mabel Dumartrait	Lilla Mouton
Nora Cotter	Bryant Hopkins	Stella Theriot

Fourth Year Class History

PEGGY

GIRLIE

KITTY

TITS-BITS

FLOPS

BILL

MOTTO: Eris Pygmalion

HAD any of you been in "Room 4" sometime in September, 1910, you would have seen about forty precocious-looking Freshmen sitting around with eyes and mouths as wide open as if Jupiter had hurled one of his thunderbolts into their midst. Well, no one can "go by looks." Even though we were as verdant as the leafy groves in spring, we soon began to show of what kind of metal we were made. We endured all the hardships and disappointments which clung with remarkable adhesion to our Freshman life, and contributed, at the same time, our share of football, baseball and basket-ball stars to the S. L. I. I. firmament.

Although we lost some of our members, we succeeded in anchoring our little bark on the safe Sophomore soil. Here we began digging. We tried to find Darwin's missing link but instead we found only an iron-bound copy of Caesar's Gallic Wars. Now, believe me, we didn't like Caesar a bit, 'cause the old mutt was aller time proposin' to take us to Bibractee in the middle of the night, and to make us lead our armies out secretly.

The following September we found, upon returning, that we had "dwindled as the years went by," and of the forty Freshmen, only eight remained to be called Juniors. Well, this was the time we began "going some." We had no ponies to ride to Cicero's house so went there on foot. We found out that the wonderful Hercules was Sampson's brother and that, when the sailors opened Ulysses' bag of wind, everything escaped except Hope. We soon, however, began to realize that we must acquire some dignity so as to be exemplary Seniors. We stopped talking 'so suddenly in Sewing Class that we looked at each other in amazement. We have become accustomed to it now, though, and can almost feel the thrill of Senior superiority already.

As nearly all of our boy classmates left us very soon, we, of course, could not help the baseball, basket-ball, and football teams as much as we should like to have helped them, but the rest of us have covered this deficiency by furnishing musicians, including members of the Glee Club, Orchestra and Band; excellent basket-ball players and active members of the Literary Societies.

Although we intend to do much more for our school before we leave, yet we can say that we have helped it in many ways and are now ready to turn the page which shall end our happy history at S. L. I. I. K. B.

Class History of 1915

CLASS FLOWER: Daisy

CLASS COLORS: Green and Gold

MOTTO: Vaincre sans peril c'est triompher sans gloire

HOW proud we feel when we look back on our many accomplishments of the past few years. We almost forget the "little troubles" that always go with school. The standard has been raised twice since we entered S. L. I. I. Each time we were discouraged, but have consoled ourselves by thinking how much "wiser" we will be when we do finish.

Our class is distinguished for spending one whole term with only one boy in the class. He was naturally petted by all the girls, who spoiled him very badly. In spite of his being so spoiled, Mrs. Farinholt used to say that he has "Historical sense." Now, isn't that an honor to our class? The new term brought us several new classmates, and to our pet's, as well as the girls' delight, three of them are boys.

At last we are "Juniors." Half of our dreams are realized. We can only sympathize with those behind us and envy those ahead, but there is consolation in our motto, for the session and a half that we yet have before we reach the goal.

R. K.

THIRD YEAR





Third Advanced Class

OFFICERS

GEO. E. ARCENEUX	President
MAY MORIARTY	Vice-President
LOUIS M. DELHOMME	Secretary-Treasurer

MEMBERS

Grace Abshire	Ava Brasher	Louis Delhomme
Slattery Aleman	Marie Burleigh	Remi Lavergne
George Arceneaux	Lucile Carver	Elise McConnell
Effie Bickham	Elam Compton	May Moriarty
Agnes Blanchard	Linden Dalferes	Brenda Paxton
Clotilde Bourgeois	Hyder Davidson	Albert Thomas
Ondine Bourgeois		Edna Vix

Third Year Class

OFFICERS

ROBERT LOWREY	President
GERTRUDE McCONNELL	Vice-President
ANNIE MOUTON	Secretary and Treasurer
RUTH KENT	Class Historian

MEMBERS

May Bonnet	Aline Hohorst	Erie Patureau
Lita Breaux	Dollie Hudspeth	Ella Poché
Nita Comeaux	Ruth Kent	Odette Saizan
Louise Domengeaux	Robert Lowrey	Laurence Van der Cruyssen
Maxime Doucet	Gertrude McConnell	Bennett Pecot
	Annie Mouton	

History of '14 Class

ALWAYS bearing in mind our motto, "Excelsior," from the very start, we have been determined to do our very best as students of S. L. I. I., and set an example which the following classes would be proud to follow. This we have always done and will continue to do until we have reached that much-coveted goal and become alumni of Southwestern Louisiana Industrial Institute.

To tell of all the glorious deeds of this wonderful class of '14 would fill not only a few pages but a few volumes. So, dear reader, the poor historian will give you only a few qualities of this unexcelled class. Of all that crowd of freshies who assembled here when '14 began her career at S. L. I. I., only five remain—Linden Dalferes, Hyder Davidson, Ondine Bourgeois, Clotilde Bourgeois and May Moriarty. These should be justly called "the cornerstone of the class." But many other deserving ones have replaced those who have left the class since its beginning, and to-day we can boast of being a class of nineteen industrious students. The teachers have long since learned that we are a class who love to "dig up" everything and learn all that there is to be learned. How often has poor Mr. Bittle, that grand old man, scratched his head in endeavoring to answer some of our nonsensical "whys!" And how often has Miss Leftwich almost lost her breath in explaining "Bella Caesaris!" and what about Mr. Reeves in Chemistry? Not only in our studies is the '14 Class prominent, but also in athletics. We have always had famous representatives on the field and we now boast that one of our members, Slattery Aleman, is the only student in the whole school who is a member of the four teams—baseball, football, basket-ball and track team—and our class is also the proud possessor of next year's football captain, who is no other than "Big Boy," sometimes called Elam Compton.

Next year we will be dignified Seniors, so let us hope that we may perform our new duties as successfully as we have always done in the past.

"And departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sand of time."

L. D.



SECOND-YEAR



Second Advanced Class

MEMBERS

Flossie Adams
John Baldwin
Joseph Baez
Laura Beadle
Alphonse Broussard
Amelia Clements
Philip Dale

Helen Dunning
Clinton Fitch
Edna Grevemberg
Thomas Guilbeau
Eugene Kent
Aurore Labbe
Raoul Lacour

Clemence Meaux
Fred Mouton
Viola Pefferkorn
Sarah Pinkston
George Read
Claude Rordam
Wallie Scott

Second Year Class

OFFICERS

JOSIE MILBURN President
ELOI JOFFRION Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

Horta Baquet
Paola Bernard
Walter Billeaud
Alice Boring
Pearl Broussard
Jeanne Comeaux
Camile Donlon

Jeanne Ducote
Justine Fiegel
Madeline Hernandez
Harvey Hopkins
Thomas Hopkins
Janie Kent
Joseph Koppleman

Norbert Landry
Antoine Meaux
Josie Milburn
Henry Siadous
Gordon Smith
Alex Swords
Eugene Triay

Southwestern Songs

Come root with the rooters of S. L. I. I.

Vive la companie!

For they are the candy, the cake, and the pie.

Vive la companie!

They'll win an event every once in a while,

The hundred, the quarter, the half, and the mil ,

The relay, the discus, oh well, I should smile.

Vive la companie!

Vive la, vive la S. L. I. I.

Vive la, vive la S. L. I. I.

Vive l'amour, vive l'amour,

Vive la S. L. I. I.

You've all heard songs of college days,
Of Cornell and Harvard too.

Princeton hurls her black and gold, and

Yale still waves the blue.

But way down South in our Dixie land,

We, too, have a college cry.

We pledge our arms to the scarlet hue

Of Dear S. L. I. I.

S. L. I. I. we'll think of thee forever.

S. L. I. I. we'll honor thee for aye.

We'll boast thy deeds, we'll fill thy needs,

We'll always try to follow thy creeds.

S. L. I. I., our hearts we give to thee.

History of the Second A Class

ON the 18th of September, 1911, we assembled at S. L. I. I.—young boys and girls, who in the future will, to a large extent, influence the welfare and social life of Louisiana.

Immediately upon the assembling of the class, we elected our class officers, and then the class settled down to the serious work of the term. Everything went well. The class was interested very much in athletics and the literary societies. Some of the boys made wonderful things in workshop, and they were very successful in everything they attempted. Although interested in athletics and the literary societies, they were also interested in their school work. When the mid-term examinations came, it was so easy for them that three-fourths of the class passed in everything.

When the new term opened, the same class, with a few new ones, determined to do the same as they had done before.

The final examinations came and a majority of the class passed in everything. Then the school closed to be re-opened on the 18th of September.

After having a good time during vacation, we wished for the opening of school, and when it opened we were eager to start work. At the first meeting of the class we found out that we had lost some of the boys and girls who had been in class before, but that these were replaced by new ones.

It did not take us long to settle down to hard work. The school had raised the standard, and it was much harder than before, so we had to study very hard. Not many changes took place during this term except the building of the new gymnasium.

Then Christmas came. The holidays did not have much effect on us because we were not dull in our work, as is sometimes the case. The final examinations were not hard and the class passed very successfully.

R. L.

Second Year Class History

AFTER having successfully passed the mid-term examination, we found ourselves to be, not "Insignificant Freshies," as we were accustomed to be called, but full-fledged Sophomores. Realizing that we must stop wasting our time we have settled down to hard study.

Our class had the honor of furnishing the "Varsity" football team with a center and the "Scrubs" with a right end and left half back. Two of our members have a fine chance to make the baseball team this spring, while "Cube," who takes English with our class, adds to our fame by his excellent basket-ball playing. As everyone knows, our class is already distinguished by its number of pretty girls, and we are not without hope that our athletes will further our distinction by doing honors in the coming field meet.

Now as to what has been accomplished in actual study, I would like to record some special marks of brilliancy of each member of the class, but modesty, or properly speaking honesty, forbids that I should go deeper into this phase of our history, only to say that none of us so far has actually failed.

H. H.

FIRST YEAR



L. Gyles.



First Advanced Class

OFFICERS

EFFIE MOUTON	President
ELIZABETH DENBO	Vice-President
RICHARD HELMER	Secretary-Treasurer

MEMBERS

Ada Alleman	Olie Dugas	Albert Martin
Annie Alleman	Agnes Duhon	Effie Mouton
Ruth Baldwin	Richard Helmer	Hattie Mouton
Paul Blanchet	Pierre Hernandez	Raoul Mouton
Lee Bonnet	Robert Higginbotham	Vivien Mouton
Julien Broussard	Eloi Joffrion	George Naomi
Mattie Collins	Dewey Jordan	Lorena Patureau
Cora Comeaux	Grace Jordan	Ruth Pridgen
Edward Comeaux	Hilda Kahn	Olive Reeves
Joseph Daniels	Anna Labbe	Ida Roy
Elizabeth Denbo	Edith Lacy	Helen Sandoz
Marius DeRouen	Anatole Landry	Clay Thomas
Bienville Domengeaux	Clovis Landry	Philip Trahan
Meta Dugas	Charles LeVois	Frances Whipple

First Year Class

OFFICERS

JOSIE KAHN	President
JOHN BUNT	Secretary-Treasurer

MEMBERS

Hyacinth Barranger	Edward Daigle	Mathilda Landau
Lillian Bertrand	Wilmot Dalferes	Prior McCallum
Louise Bertrand	Louise DeJean	O'niel Pollingue
Willie Blakely	Merritt Girard	Willie Richard
Joe Blacksher	Lilia Hardy	Sam Shackelford
Paul Chastant	Ophee Hebert	Hazel Stevens
Emile Comeaux	Josie Kahn	Irma Stevens
Fernand Comeaux	Ignace Landry	Edwin St. Julien
Nolia Comeaux		Edna Triay

History of First Advanced Class

JUST a year and a half ago we placed ourselves under the protecting wings of this grand and noble institution, and to-day as a result of the kind assistance of the faculty and of the patient efforts on our part we have gained that of which we are most proud. We have discovered ourselves. We are the result of centuries of mental and physical growth; the stars of ancient civilization still shed their radiant light for our good. For success reigns on high, genius points onward, opportunity knocks unforbidden and the spirit of civilization proclaims, "Nothing is impossible for the Class of 1916."

We have come into the honors to which a Freshman is entitled; we have at all times worn them with dignity; and we are conscious that we are what some pretend to be but are not—we are able to stand alone. In athletics we have done our part. Even the most learned agree that the stunts in basketball and on the track are honors to our noble band.

In other enterprises of S. L. I. I. we never have been found wanting. The Avatar and Attakapas societies have been made stronger by our influence and presence.

So here's to the Class of 1916. May her loyal daughters and sons always rally about her, being always ready to defend her honor; and may she turn out men and women better prepared to fight the battles of life than any class which has ever left the arms of its Alma Mater.

H. M.

First Year Class

ON January 27, 1913, we, the Class of 1917, made our appearance at S. L. I. I. We were not fully organized until several weeks later, but we soon began work.

Several months have passed since our S. L. I. I. birthday. Our faces no longer shine with contentment; our eyes have lost their wonted luster; despair is steadily creeping into our hearts, for now we sadly and hopelessly realize that we are not as important as we thought we would be. The Second Year students, vain, worldly beings, have forgotten that they were once in the First Year Class. The Third Year, supercilious and proud, look on us as infants; the Fourth Year, oh! we dare not speak of such superior persons except with bated breath.

In many respects our class is the most remarkable in school. Our teachers love us so dearly they often excuse us from work by sending us from the room.

Our chief ambition is to become as dignified as the Fourth Year students. But why should we worry? "Tall oaks from little acorns grow," and likewise from irresponsible Freshmen come the all-important Seniors.

G. W.



Home Economics Class

MOTTO: Labor Omnia Vincit

OFFICERS

LETIE LYLES	President
MARGARET SMITH	Vice-President
CALEDONIA WILDER	Secretary
EFFIE de LALOIRE	Treasurer

MEMBERS HOME ECONOMICS, I.

Effie de Laloire	Margaret Smith	Pauline Tanner
Letie Lyles		Callie Wilder

MEMBERS HOME ECONOMICS, II.

Mittie Key Johnston	Annie Smith
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Home Economics History

THE Home Economics course in this school has been made a two-years' course, and the requirement for admission is graduation from an approved high school.

It was in the fall of 1912 that we, the present Home Economics Class, started, and we felt somewhat shaky at first, as most of us hardly knew what a course in Home Economics meant. We knew that we would have to cook and sew, but that was about all we did know, and some of us knew mighty little about doing either. At first the work was rather difficult, but we bravely entered upon it, and are now in the second term of our course. This term commenced on January 28, 1913, and it was only at the beginning of this term that we began to realize what work really was, as some of the subjects that we took up then were entirely new to us.

When we first started in there were six of us, but very much to our regret one of the girls had to leave on account of ill-health.

At the beginning of the second term a new Home Economics Class was started with just two members. We were glad, indeed, to have them come, and I must say it certainly makes us feel good to hear our class called "The Advanced Class in Home Economics."



COMMERCIAL CLASS

Clarence Bergeron
 Morris Caillouet
 Felix Campbell
 Eldridge Higginbotham

Margaret Landry
 Ovey Peck
 Lilly Richard

Terry Roy
 Florida Saloom
 Osie Bordelon
 George Singleton

STENOGRAPHY CLASS

William Campbell
 Eleanor David
 Emily DeBlanc
 Henry Duhon

Willie Foote
 Gaston Guerniere
 Joseph Hernandez
 Avenelle Landry

Lloyd Martin
 Norma Reiber
 Marie Steckler
 Edna Lopez

Telegraphy Department

OUR department has accomplished a great deal this year, and added many improvements. We built a new telegraph line from the Institute (connecting all buildings on the campus) down through the center of town, connecting us with the Gordon Hotel, the mayor's office, and other offices enroute. In all about two miles of No. 10 wire were strung. The W. U. Telegraph Company's standard is No. 8, just one size larger than our new wire.

During this session, the sending side of our Central wireless station was supplied with alternating current by the installation of a Rotary Converter. We have installed four wireless stations, scattered all over town, one being across the railroad track. By the close of this session we will have lined up a circuit of wireless offices with five in Lafayette, four in Crowley, and one in Grand Coteau, and prospective stations at Breaux Bridge and Morgan City. A new work bench and a full set of tools for making wireless instruments have been placed in our class room, and we are now making the various instruments that go to make up a wireless set. We installed a system of buzzers, in our class room, for familiarizing students with the sound of the wireless, through the phones, same as is used by the Government Examiner when one passes the examinations for positions as wireless operator.

Our class-room has been supplied with many new desks, equipped with telegraph instruments and lockers. New L. C. Smith typewriters have been added, and typewriter desks installed.

Thirty-eight students enrolled in this department, among which were five young ladies. This has been the banner session of the telegraph department, and each of us feel proud of the achievements we have accomplished. We have worked hard and faithfully, and fully appreciate the efforts and good intentions of our instructor, although at times we have felt he kept us too close at work. Now that the session is closing, we look back upon our school days in this department with pride, and thank one and all for their hearty and enthusiastic co-operation, the spirit which was always displayed. J. S.

MEMBERS

Vade Ball
Westley Bienvenu
Jerome Boudreaux
Francis Guidry

Rene Manuel
Russell Mulkern
Ulysse Primeaux
John Skiles

Evalyn Smith
Clyde Tanner
Ashby Trahan
Dennis Verot

Senior Department

Fast are our School days fading
Into the shadowy past;
With all of its memories laden,
The new life is crowding it fast.

We stand on the threshold and wonder,
As our School-days are passing away,
If the fond ties that bind us,
Will always remain as to-day.

Its thousands of dear recollections
Are surging to-day through our brain;
And we clung as a child to its mother,
To pleasures that will ne'er come again.
J. M. D.

The Night Before Exam

Cram, Cram, Cram,
On thy hard old problems O, Trig.
And I would that my tongue could utter
The terrors that arise so big.

Oh! well for the brilliant A,
That he sleeps the sleep of the just;
Oh! well for the steady grind,
That her brain is filled to bust.

But I scratch my head and pull my hair,
Yawn and sigh, Ah! woe is me!
But oh for the explanation I didn't get,
The problem I didn't see.

Cram, Cram, Cram.
And empty another coke;
O, may I pass that horrid exam.
And leave this place not broke.

Getting to Breakfast at S. L. I. I.

The first thing I hear in the morning
Is that dreadful rising bell
Calling me forth from my slumbers
Its woeful tale to tell.

"I'll sleep just one minute longer,
Then I'll get up," I think,
But even before I know it
Into dreamland I sink.

The minutes keep on passing,
And the very next thing I know,
The second bell is ringing,
Oh, my! can that be so?

I've lost my hairpins. Where are my shoes?
What did I do with my dress?
Please, somebody, hand me a comb;
My hair is the biggest mess!

And then I hear the last gong sound,
And down the hall I fly.
I catch a glimpse of teachers, too,
As I go rushing by.

At last I reach the dining room,
And I barely do get in,
When Lady Baker, through with grace,
Pronounces a loud "Amen!"

Asleep

Gone is thy knowledge of the right, the wrong,
Naught do you care for sorrow or song.
Back to baby innocence thy soul doth seem to creep
And hide itself in sweet oblivion
As you sleep.

The tiny furrows that have stolen a place
Beguiled themselves as dimples in your pretty face,
Have slipped away, and now remains the best,
A glow of health and velvet softness
As you rest.

Sleep on, dear heart, and smiling as you dream,
Only in sleep are things just as they seem.
Soon you will awake, and then I fear you'll weep,
To find the world awake, not what it was asleep.

V. M.





Attakapas Literary Society

OFFICERS

FIRST TERM

MAXIME ROY	President
CHARLES COMFORT	Vice-President
EPPIE MOSS	Secretary
ELISE McCONNELL	Treasurer
MARSHALL DENBO	Editor

SECOND TERM

CHARLES COMFORT	President
ODEN HEBERT	Vice-President
LILLY BREAUX	Secretary
MARSHALL DENBO	Treasurer
WILLIE ALDRIDGE	Editor

MEMBERS

Frances Tarlton	Rene Mauel	Mable Dumartrait
Lionel Jagou	Letie Lyles	Irma Stevens
Willie Lee Aldridge	Edith Lacy	Elizabeth Denbo
Yvonne Arnandez	Helen Dunning	Theo Breaux
Margaret Smith	Elise McConnell	Freddie Mouton
Ada Alleman	Maxime Roy	Charles Comfort
Lillie Breaux	Eppie Moss	Claude Rordam
Meta Dugas	Marshall Denbo	Robert Maumus
Grace Abshire	Oden Hebert	Ofey Peck
Norma Reiber	Hazel Stevens	Warren Lacoste
Ida Roy	Pat Mouton	Emily DeBlanc
Effie Mouton	Pauline Tanner	Annie Mae Smith
Hilda Kahn	Vesta Mason	Mittie Key Johnston
Olive Reeves	Zenobia Pope	Sarah Pinkston
Louise Shelburne	Thomas Guilbeau	Lucile Carver
Callie Wilder		Bryant Hopkins

Attakapas Literary Society History

LITERARY Societies rarely need histories. Their careers are seldom marked by events so strange and episodes so noteworthy as to merit especial comment or chronicle. This society, however, is an extraordinarily valuable factor and has, ever since its beginning, done splendid work in uplifting and promoting the general welfare of our school.

At this period of its career the society was composed only of boys, but as time advanced it was decided that it would be more satisfactory to allow girls to join. Since then the society has made wonderful progress and is now one of the most important factors in the life of the school.

As time goes on new students are entering the society with new ideas and plans of building it up. As a result the original constitution drawn up by the charter members has been so amended and changed from time to time that it would hardly be recognized now by an Alumnus.

It is a very rare thing when members complain because they are not on the program enough, and that the meetings are not held more often, but such has been the case in this society. Therefore, each society has adopted the plan of having literary meetings for two successive weeks, followed by a social on the third Friday, and on the fourth a joint open meeting, which is held on Saturday night, to which the public is invited.

Every year there is a medal given by Judge Julian Mouton, of Lafayette, for the best debate between members of the two societies. In these debates the Attakapas have been wonderfully successful, having won the debate for the past two years.

The work this year has been most interesting, the meetings enthusiastic and enjoyable. Some of the most interesting subjects that have been debated are: "The Old Age Pensions," "The Inheritance Tax," "Government Ownership of Railroads," "Immigration Laws," "Women's Holding Offices on School Boards," "Industrial Education."

E. McC.

Avatar Literary Society History

“**E**VERY cloud has its silver lining” is a maxim true and old. The beauty of the sunlight is appreciated more after the passing storm; all nature seems at her best. The birth of the Avatar Literary Society had a stormy beginning. Once upon a time—and it couldn’t have been so very many years ago—there was but one Literary Society in our school and that was the Attakapas. But party politics or something else like it caused dissension, and when the storm had spent itself and the clouds had gone away, lo, and there were two societies—the Avatar had made its appearance. The black clouds had had a golden lining! But time passes quickly and new members took the place of the old, and were quickly succeeded by others until to-day it would be perfectly safe to say that not a single member of either society knows what the old quarrel was about—and instead of antagonism the most friendly competition exists between the two.

The object of the Avatar Society has always been the promotion of the literary talent of the school; and this year we have kept the even tenor of our way. In fact, this has been even more promising and enthusiastic than any previous year. So much interest has been taken in the meetings—except when there was a show in town—that it was decided to have the program twice the original length, getting both the Avatars and Attakapas to hold their meetings on the same night. The competitive spirit manifested at these meetings is keen enough to bring about the best efforts of the members, yet despite its keenness no “ragged edges” are left when “good-nights” are said.

At every meeting there is a debate and members of the two societies take part in both the debate proper and the open discussions following. The day of the easy subject has passed, and arguments in favor and against subjects which the most learned men of our country ponder over are handled ably by the students of this school. Among those chosen this past year were: “Resolved, That the United States should interfere in Mexico,” “Resolved, That the constitution of the United States should be amended so as to provide that the president be elected for a single term of six years,” “Resolved, That the powers of the Federal Government should be paramount to that of the States in the conservation of natural resources.” And besides these debates, there have been declamations, splendid music and dramatizations from Shakespeare’s plays, from “She Stoops to Conquer” and some lighter plays.

The permanent Avatar pin was finally chosen last year, and it ought to be the desire of every loyal Avatar to possess one. We have a right to be proud of our society and should be eager to wear its emblem.

The honor of holding office has come to rest largely with the Seniors, and those elected this year have done their part well. They have received the support of all members, and when they transfer the duties of office to those to come they do so with the consciousness of having their “duties well done.”

S. L.



Avatar Literary Society

OFFICERS

FIRST TERM

SAM LYONS	President
HILDA ROSENFELD	Vice-President
GERTRUDE McCONNELL	Secretary
MARY TARLTON	Treasurer
CORA MERRITT	Editor

SECOND TERM

LLOYD LEE	President
VOORHIES LAUNEY	Vice-President
BELLE McNATT	Secretary
MARY B. GERMANY	Treasurer
CORA MERRITT	Editor

MEMBERS

Flossie Adams	Eloi Joffrion	Mary Ruger
Slattery Aleman	Ruth Kent	Mary Tarlton
Hilary Bierhorst	Janie Kent	Etta Thigpen
Effie Bickham	Lorraine Kirkwood	John Skiles
Dora Boyd	Sam Lyons	Edna Vix
Wilfred Boudreaux	Edna Lambert	Marian Williams
J. J. Buckley	Aloysius Launey	Edwin Reeves
George Boudreaux	Adner Lafleur	Harry Shepherd
Eunice Blanchet	Voorhies Launey	Franklin Boyd
Mattie Collins	Lloyd Lee	Robert Lowrey
Elam Compton	Josie Milburn	Fern Larrabee
Louise Domengeaux	Belle McNatt	Alice Mullican
Effie de Laloire	Gertrude McConnell	Marie Burleigh
Justine Fiegel	Hattie Mouton	Willie Foote
Mary B. Germany	Cora Merritt	Mathilda Landau
Nona Gardiner	Dora O'Bryan	Frances Whipple
Eloi Girard	Madge Patterson	Bennett Pecot
Louise Heurtevant	Hilda Rosenfield	Olive Caillouet
Louise Horaist	Marie Steckler	Osie Bordelon
Joseph Hernandez	Helen Sandoz	Clinton Fitch
Ulysse Haydel		Joe Blacksher



Glee Club

MEMBERS

Hilda Rosenfield
Eunice Blanchet
Aurore Labbe
Flossie Adams
Louise Domengeaux

Gertrude McConnell
Yvonne Arnandez
Mary B. Germany
Lorraine Kirkwood
Oden Hebert

Franklin Boyd
Elam Compton
John Skiles
Charles Comfort
J. J. Buckley

Glee Club History

MUSIC hath charms, so the old adage goes, but no saying is to be accepted until it has been tried and found true. Since the first year this school was organized music has played an important part in its curriculum. When it was decided that music should not be given as a part of the course, the students were at a loss, for with the taking away of that factor of the daily program, glee clubs and quartettes were relegated to the past. One year without music was enough to prove the adage. "Music hath charms," for all programs without music prove failures to a large extent.

Bearing in mind what a needed feature music is to a school, the very first thing started by the students this year was a re-organization of the Glee Club. Then followed quickly the "Girls' Treble Clef" and the "Boys' Quartette." So music once more made its appearance in our school, never again to leave.

The Glee Club made its debut on the morning of October 1st, in the auditorium. Since then it has been called upon to contribute numbers for the literary societies, especially for the meetings open to the public; to the Lafayette Forum, which has become so closely allied with the Institute; and to aid the Alumni Association of S. L. I. I. in its efforts to raise money for various purposes. The students musically inclined are especially glad that this fine art has again taken its place in the school; and are hearty in their support of the Glee Club. They appreciated the fact that the group of girls and boys in the Glee Club are giving a great deal of their time to practice, which means work not outlined in any course of study. At the morning exercises the Glee Club leads in the singing, thereby aiding those less fortunate schoolmates to enjoy the pleasure of joining in the happiest time of the day.

The Club leaves as its final word to those who will take up the work next year: "If you have enjoyed our music, remember that you can do as well if you will only take part in it yourself. Do not let music die out of the school!"

E. B.



The Band

The Band of 1912-1913 is composed of the following members:

BASS		{ Charles Comfort Grover Mouton
BARITONE		Patrick Mouton
		Tommy Guilbeau
TROMBONE		Oscar Hebert
		Francis Guidry
		{ Robert Aucoin Albert Thomas
ALTO		{ Joseph Daniels Harvey Hopkins
		Prof. Sontag, Director
		Bryant Hopkins
CORNET		Maxime Roy
		Alexander Swords
		Maxime Doucet
SNARE DRUM		Warren Lacoste
BASS DRUM		Hyder Davidson
CYMBALS		Terry Roy



Orchestra

PIANO	Warren Lacoste
FIRST VIOLIN	{ Miss Emma Jones
	{ Mr. F. Sontag
	{ Stella Theriot
	{ Ashby Trahan
SECOND VIOLIN	{ Margaret Smith
	{ Lionel Jagon
FIRST MANDOLIN	{ Hazel Stevens
	{ Sarah Landau
	{ Hilda Rosenfield
SECOND MANDOLIN	{ Effie Mouton
	{ Eppie Moss
GUITARS	{ Vivian Mouton
	{ Hattie Mouton
FIRST CORNET	Maxime Roy
SECOND CORNET	Alex. Swords
B FLAT CLARINET	Bryant Hopkins



Quartet

Eunice Blanchet

Gertrude McConnell

Aurore Labbe

Mary B. Germany



Editorial Staff

FERN LARRABEE	Business Manager
CHARLES COMFORT	Editor-in-Chief
MAXIME ROY	Current Events
OLIVE CAILLOUET	Business Industrial
YVONNE ARNANDEZ	Exchange Editor
EPPIE MOSS	Joke Editor
FRANKLYN BOYD	Academic Industrial
GERTRUDE McCONNELL	Girls' Athletics
LIONEL JAGOU	Boys' Athletics
CORA MERRITT	Avatar Literary Society
ROBERT MOUTON	Alumni
WILLIE LEE ALDRIDGE	Attakapas Literary Society

Debators



Mary Tarlton

Maxime Roy



The Bread Club

MOTTO: Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we may die!

COLORS: Bright red, grass green

SONG: "The Ginger-Bread Man"

YELL: "Here comes the bread-cart!"

WASHER: 100 Proof

EMBLEM: Superior "flour"

MEETING PLACE: East end Main Building, "Where bread-cart passes"

FAVORITE GIRL: "Venus"

SPECIAL UNIFORM: "Corduroys"

OFFICERS AND MEMBERS

PAT MOUTON	Exalted Speaker
"FATTY" DENBO	Honorable Toastmaster
MAX ROY	Guiding Light
POO-POO COMFORT	Supreme Bell-Reporter
ELOI GIRARD	Most Silent Muncher



Katzenjammer Club

MOTTO: Wer nicht alt werdenwill, magsich jung hangen lusseh

COLORS: Red and Black

FLOWER: Bitter Weed

AIM: To dodge the teachers

MEETING PLACE: Girl's Dormitory, Room 14

UNIFORM: Middy Blouses

MEMBERS

EPPIE MOSS	"Red"
MARY B. GERMANY	"Bee"
LETIE LYLES	"Let"
BELLE McNATT	"Mutt"
FRANCES TARLTON	"Jeff"
GERTRUDE McCONNELL	"Gertrudy"
MARY TARLTON	"Spit fire"
WILLIE LEE ALDRIDGE	"Bill"



“Union”

MOTTO: Have Fun

FAVORITE GIRL: The Jolly One

COLORS: Red and Blue

TOAST:

Drink a highball,
Let the night fall,
Be a good fellow while you may:
For to-morrow
May bring sorrow,
So drink a high-ball and be gay.

FAVORITE MEETING PLACE: Cinder path (after school)

SONG: “When I Get You Alone To-Night”

“HOPPY” HOPKINS	“Up to anything”
“LANK” DAVIDSON	“Too tall for his age”
“RAM” DALFERES	“What Hoppy says goes”
“JEW” DENBO	“Without Ram he is miserable”
“TOM” GUILBEAU	“What would I do without girls?”
“SHEEP” MOUTON	“Loves to study” (?)



“Hobo Gang”

MOTTO: All eyes open for back-door lunches

FAVORITE DISH: Beans stewed in a tobacco can

FAVORITE DRINK: Uncorked Champagne

MEMBERS

ODEN HEBERT
 ROBERT E. COMPTON
 LLOYD LEE
 SAM B. LYONS
 J. J. BUCKLEY
 J. L. Lee
 R. E. COMPTON
 R. B. COTTINGIM
 F. V. LAUNEY
 A. M. LAFLEUR
 S. B. LYONS
 A. F. BOYD
 O. T. HEBERT
 E. J. JOFFERION
 C. J. BERGERON
 S. L. ALEMAN
 R. L. LOWREY
 I. J. THIBODEAUX
 A. K. LAUNEY
 W. E. SCOTT

NICKNAMES

Chief Lieutenant
 Chief Cook
 Chief Grub Getter
 Distinguished Pot Cleaner
 “The Millionaire Tramp”
 “Kid Pete, Frisco Bound”
 “Colonel Nicholas”
 “Short-Coat Johnnie”
 “Old Hungry”
 “Chief of Mosquito in Pig
 Alley N.”
 “Sloppy Sam”
 “Hard Luck A No. 1”
 “Major Stone-heart”
 “Weary Willie Fire Builder”
 “Bug Francisco Joe”
 “Bogaluso Kid”
 “San Francisco Joe”
 “Rough House Charley”
 “Toughy, the Thorough-
 bred”
 “Happy Hooligan”



Corduroys

They've done the four years' work, you see,
They're Senior Boys—they're Senior Boys.
They bear the badge of victory—
Just see them in their Corduroys!

The girls stand whispering in a row:
"Here comes THE boys—the Senior Boys,"
And many a smile on them bestow—
'Pon the wearers of the Corduroys!

And see the Freshies with wistful eye,
Gaze at those boys—those Seniors Boys.
They wish and hope that bye and bye
They, too, may don the Corduroys.

The faculty, too, is very proud
Of those same boys—those Senior Boys,
And they work, too, so that no cloud
May sadden the wearers of the Corduroys.

We're glad we've had you here a while,
You Senior Boys—you Senior Boys;
You've done hard work, yet you would smile,
So deserved to get the Corduroys.

In school and out, wher'er you go,
You'll find those boys—those Senior Boys,
But school days end in a month or so,
We'll say Farewell, Old Corduroys.

The Gymnasium

THE great accomplishment of the Industrial Arts Department for the session of 1912-13 was the designing and complete construction of a gymnasium and grandstand, with an outdoor concrete swimming pool at one end. The grandstand faces the baseball diamond, the football field, and the quarter-mile running track, and completes the area enclosing the athletic field. It seats six hundred people. The gymnasium is part of the same building, just back of the grandstand and has a floor measuring 40 feet by 80 feet, with room besides for spectators and for dressing-rooms, lockers, and shower baths. The swimming pool measures 22 feet by 40 feet by a depth of from four feet to seven and a half feet. It is made of reinforced concrete and is joined to the gymnasium at one end by a platform, enabling easy access from the one to the other. These two structures which would have cost nearly five thousand dollars if let by contract, have cost less than three thousand by reason of being done by the students of the Workshop Classes, under the direction and with the help of their instructors, Mr. Bond and Mr. Woodson. Nothing of greater material value for the school has ever been done in any one session, and it is acknowledged by all to be an achievement of which the State may well be proud.



ATHLETICS





LOYD LEE



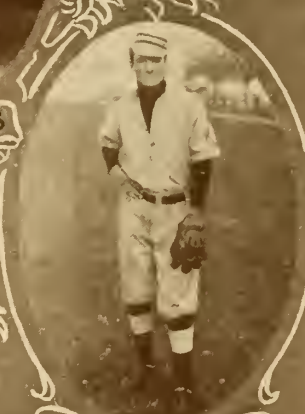
J. BOUDEAUX



EPPIE MOSS



GEO. SINGLETON



S. ALLEMAN

Athletics



HE year just passed has been one of Southwestern's best from an athletic view. Victory has not always perched upon her banners, but her standing, due mostly to the untiring efforts of Coach Prather, is much higher among Southern schools than ever before.

The football season especially draws our attention to the fact. Not that our team has won the most games, but that some of the best work ever done by a Southwestern football team has been done by members of the team of 1913. Individual stars were numerous and the work as a whole was good; and although we sometimes came out at the small end of the score, no one was discouraged, and the boys determined only to work the harder. The prospects for next year are exceedingly bright, for with Coach Prather and Mr. McNaspy to lead and such men as the students of Southwestern to follow, the team should surely be one of the best.

Basket-ball, too, must have its share of honor. The girls have made a fine record, and though as yet they have played only high schools, the scores have been remarkable. The boys were very successful, as usual. They "laid siege" with a zeal that was interesting to see, and were usually victorious.

The baseball team is the best that Southwestern has ever had. It has begun the season by defeating Loyola College and by holding L. S. U. down to a low score.

Much interest is shown in the tennis club which is one of the largest ever organized here. New courts are being made and both boys and girls are expecting to do some hard practicing. As yet, not all are tennis stars—but then "Practice makes perfect."

There are many trying for the track and we think a good record will be made, as is usual. The material is good, the team well balanced and there is nothing to prevent a most successful season.

In conclusion, we may say that we are rather proud of our record this year in athletics, but are still unsatisfied. We want next year to be even better. To these results we will need the assistance of each and every one of the students; if not by taking part directly, by encouraging those who do take part. With all these forces working together we can accomplish wonderful results.



Football Games

S. L. I. I., 36—Morgan City High School, 0
 S. L. I. I., 3—Louisiana State University, 85
 S. L. I. I., 0—Tulane University, 96
 S. L. I. I., 0—Jefferson College, 46
 S. L. I. I., 29—Loyola University, 0
 S. L. I. I., 19—Louisiana College, 0
 S. L. I. I., 6—State Normal, 13

JOFFRION	Center
BUCKLEY	Guard
SHEPHERD	Guard
HEBERT	Tackle
LOWREY	Tackle
ALLEMAN	End
JAGOU	End
LEE, Captain	Quarter
DUNBO	Full Back
SINGLETON	Half Back
COMPTON, Captain 1913	Tackle and Half Back
ROY	Substitute Half Back
LYONS	Substitute Quarter
MILLER	Substitute Guard
COMFORT	Substitute Tackle
LAUNEY	Substitute Guard



Football--Second Team

S. L. I. I.,	0—Crowley High School,	0
S. L. I. I.,	75—New Iberia High School,	0
S. L. I. I.,	106—Abbeville High School,	3
S. L. I. I.,	14—Crowley High School,	7
S. L. I. I.,	22—New Iberia High School,	7
S. L. I. I.,	0—Lake Charles High School,	7
S. L. I. I.,	33—Crowley High School,	6

Totals, 250

30

H. MARTIN	Left End
DOUCET-GUILBEAU	Left Tackles
BLANCHET-L. MARTIN	Left Guards
BOUDREAUX	Center
DAVIDSON-BAEZ	Right Guards
MANUEL	Right Tackle
SIADOUS	Right End
ROY, Captain	Quarter Back
AUCOIN	Right Half
HOPKINS	Left Half
MOUTON	Full Back

Football



THE football season of 1912-1913 opened very auspiciously on Saturday, September 28, 1912, when Morgan City High was defeated 36 to 0 on the home campus. As the total length of the game was only 30 minutes it looked as though we would have the same formidable fighting machine as we boasted of in 1911.

H. Lee Prather, of Missouri, one of "Bill" Roper's pupils, took charge of the squad and persistently drilled the team in open work. To his untiring energy and the pluck of our light, but fast team, is due the credit of the successful season. We say successful season because we feel that the success of a team is not measured wholly by the number of games won, but rather by the "do or die" spirit which this game instills indelibly upon football players.

On November 5, in Baton Rouge, the husky Louisiana State University team administered our first decisive defeat of the season by the overwhelming score of 85 to 3. While the game brought out the fact that the light material of which our team was composed could not stand the constant plunging of experienced players of university calibre, it was a source of considerable satisfaction to know that Denbo's field goal was the only score in recent years made against Louisiana by a school of lower grade than a university. Several of our players were severely bruised, and this game, followed by a similar one in New Orleans one week later, materially hurt our chances for winning a majority of games for the season. Without Gueriniere and Miller our boys fought an uphill fight and lost to Tulane, 96 to 0.

Louisiana College was taken into camp on our home grounds by a score of 19 to 0. This makes our record 3 won, 1 lost and 1 tied in football since athletic relations had been opened with the boys from Pineville.

Jefferson College defeated us 46 to 0 in a hard-fought battle in Convent. This was the one disappointing showing of the season, as during the first quarter our boys played the Jefferson boys off their feet and lost three chances of scoring by costly fumbling and needless penalties. The ball was in the enemy's territory all this quarter. In the latter part of the game, with several of our fastest men out, the Collegians scored almost at will. Compton at tackle played a consistent and spectacular defensive game.

The victory of 29 to 0 over Loyola University, in Lafayette, was the opening of athletic relations with a new rival which won the admiration of all by their sportsmanship and grit.

The season closed on November 20 when the State Normal handed us the short end of a 13 to 6 score. Our boys were decidedly out-weighted and as the visitors were veterans, the results were not long in doubt. Inexperienced backs in critical periods failed to take advantage of the opportunities, and several times lost the ball to the visitors in our territory. The team played a plucky defense and showed true Southwestern fighting spirit in their uphill fight, and too much credit can not be given our boys. This season brought out two weaknesses; first, too heavy a schedule in the early part of the season, and second, the absence of experienced back field men.

With most of this year's team back next year, and with Coach Prather and "Big Boy" to lead the bunch, prospects for a good team are very promising. Fifteen "Rahs" for Compton and the team of '13.

Yells

I've often heard my grandmother say
That the Indians gave their yell this way:
With a ring-tail, and a rat-tail
And a ring-tail, rat-tail bang.
And a ki-yi, and a ki-yi!
And a ki-i! yi-i! y-i-i!

* * *

Hip, hip, hee!
Hip, hip, hii!
Rah, rah, rah!
Rah, rah, rah!
S. L. I. I.!

* * *

Rah! Rah! Rah, rah, rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah, rah, rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah, rah, rah!
Whoop! Whoop! Wheeee!
Southwestern!
Southwestern!

* * *

With a whoop and a rah!
And a hip-whoop-hi!
Rah, rah, rah!
Rah, rah, rah!
S. L. I. I.!



Girl's Basket-Ball

EPPIE MOSS	Captain
LILLIE BREAUX	Business Manager
GERTRUDE McCONNELL	Editor
MISS HUGH D. McLAURIN	Coach

PLAYERS

NITA COMEAUX	Forward Goal
ADA ALLEMAN	Right Forward Guard
GERTRUDE McCONNELL	Left Forward Guard
EPPIE P. MOSS	Center
LILLIE BREAUX	Right Backward Guard
ANNIE MOUTON	Left Backward Guard
BELLE McNATT	Backward Goal
LOUISE SHELBURNE	Substitute
MARY TARLTON	Substitute

S. L. I. I.	92—Rayne High School	17
S. L. I. I.	102—Crowley High School	13
S. L. I. I.	143—Morgan City High School	15
S. L. I. I.	61—Lake Charles High School	83
S. L. I. I.	129—Opelousas High School	54

Basket-Ball History

THE basket-ball season of 1912-1913 opened a new realm of activities in our school. The numerous candidates were good material and began work enthusiastically under the supervision of Miss McLaurin.

By faithful work they laid a good foundation for the building up of the strongest team that the Institute could ever boast of. The schedule was not a very hard one, but several interesting games were played and an increased interest shown among the students.

Throughout the season our team was handicapped by not being able to play colleges and institutes on account of their playing by different rules; but we now entertain high hopes of being able to contest with schools of our standing next year.

Most of our old girls are back, Eppie starring in center as usual. Gertrude, our former goal, has now developed into a splendid and graceful left forward guard. Ada, our swift little right forward, is always "right dere" when the ball is passed into her court. Active and sure of her baskets is Annie our left, backward guard. Lillie, our backward right, is star player of the team in making baskets and passing balls.

Of our new players four have made the team. Very few points were made over Belle, who was always in the game; and when the ball came in her possession, we were sure of a score on forward goal.

Opponents will be glad to hear that of our team Eppie, Lillie, Belle, Mary, and Louise will not don our basket-ball suits next year. But we believe that as good material can be developed from our present subs and scrubs.

This team is considered the swiftest that ever wore "S's." This speed was due to consistent practice and persistent study of plays involving team work. Great credit must be given to our coach, captain and business manager for their wonderful spirit, good generalship, and their ability to show good tactics.

L. B.



Boys' Basket-Ball

PLAYERS

BAEZ	Forward
RORDAM	Forward
ALEMAN	Guard
MILLER	Guard
BORDELON	Guard
MANUEL	Guard
SINGLETON, Captain	Center
VEROT	Guard

GAMES

S. L. I. I., 48—Eunice High,	16
S. L. I. I., 32—Normal,	33
S. L. I. I., 24—Normal,	26
S. L. I. I., 6—Louisiana College,	48
S. L. I. I., 47—Ridge High,	5
Totals, 157	128



Tennis Club

OFFICERS

BELLE McNATT	President
MARSHALL DENBO	Vice-President
MARY B. GERMANY	Treasurer

MEMBERS

Letie Lyles	Willie Lee Aldridge	John Henry Bunt
Eppie Moss	Elise McConnell	Maxime Roy
Cora Merritt	Nona Gardiner	Marshall Denbo
Ada Alleman	Margaret Smith	Aloysius Launey
Mary Tarlton	Gertrude McConnell	Joseph Baez
Mary B. Germany	Frances Whipple	Thomas Guilbeau
Yvonne Arnandez	Annie Smith	Patrick Mouton
Frances Tarlton	Sarah Pinkston	Rene Manuel
Lillie Breaux	Sam Lyons	John Skiles
Belle McNatt	Linden Dalferes	Clinton Fitch

Gymnasium Work

A GIRL who has spent four years, or even one, at S. L. I. I., has by reason of work done in the gymnasium attained firm, pliable muscles, a four to five inch chest expansion, and powers of co-ordination, alertness, endurance, all due to daily exercising in Swedish movements, club swinging, dancing and fencing.

This is not all, for it must be added that our angelic dispositions are due to the fact of our daily getting nearer heaven, by climbing three flights of stairs.

Our class leaves a record of which we are proud, that of having the highest and most graceful vaulters of "buck" and "horse;" the best climbers the old horizontal bars have known; and the greatest haters of the muscle-twisting apparatus, the ladder.

We bequeath the classes that succeed the following good advice: Not to disturb their brain cells in forming excuses to get out of gym, for excuses may come and excuses may go, but the instructor says "No" forever.



Baseball Line-Up

BERGERON	Catcher
JOFFRION	Catcher
BOUDREAUX, C.	Pitcher
MOUTON, G.	Pitcher
VEROT	First Baseman
TANNER	First Baseman
GALDO	Second Baseman
BAEZ	Third Baseman
BILLEAUD	Shortstop
LOWREY	Right Field
ALLEMAN, Captain	Center Field
SAIDOUS, H.	Left Field
WILLIAMS	Catcher

SCORES

S. L. I. I.....	3—L. S. U.....	4
S. L. I. I.....	4—L. S. U.	8
S. L. I. I.....	1—Loyola	0
S. L. I. I.....	18—La. College	2
S. L. I. I.....	12—La. College	4
S. L. I. I.....	5—St. Charles College....	3
S. L. I. I.....	8—Normal	4
S. L. I. I.....	12—Normal	1
S. L. I. I.....	9—Loyola	1
S. L. I. I.....	10—St. Charles	1
Total.....	82	28

Wearers of the "S"

FOOTBALL

Jagou
Lowrey
Hebert
Buckley
Joffrion

Alleman
Lee
Roy, T.
Denbo
Compton
Launey, V.

Lyons
Comfort
Gueriniere
Singleton
Shepherd

BASKET-BALL

Singleton
Baez
Verot

Rordam
Bordelon
Manuel

Alleman
Miller

BASEBALL

Bergeron
Boudreaux, C.
Mouton, G.
Tanner

Galdo
Billeaud
Baez
Lowrey
Alleman

Siadous
Williams
Verot
Joffrion

TRACK

Boudreaux, J.
Compton
Roy, M.

Dalferes, W.
Singleton
Daigle

Bunt, J.
Martin, L.
Alleman
Tanner

GIRLS' BASKET-BALL

Moss, E.
Breux, L.
McConnell, G.

Alleman, A.
Mouton, A.
McNatt, B.

Comeaux, N.
Tarlton, M.
Shelburne, L.

TENNIS

Mouton
Denbo

Gardiner
Moss

Southwestern-Louisiana College Field Meet--May 3rd, 1913

La. College	Southwestern	Record
Capt. Willis	Capt. Boudreaux, J.	
	100 YARD DASH	
(1) Singleton	(2) Boudreaux, C.	10 $\frac{2}{5}$ sec.
	HIGH JUMP	
(1) Hopkins	(2) Reed	5 ft. 3 in.
	880 YARD DASH	
(1) Singleton	(2) Dalferes	2 min. 15 sec.
	120 YARD HURDLES	
(1) Boudreaux, C.	(2) Martin	18 $\frac{1}{5}$ sec.
	SHOT PUT	
(1) Boudreaux, C.	(2) Merritt	31 ft.
	220 YARD DASH	
(1) Boudreaux, C.	(2) Tanner	23 sec.
	POLE VAULT	
(1) Bogarry	(2) Roy	10 ft. 6 in.
	ONE MILE RUN	
(1) Willis	(2) Bunt	5 min. 45 sec.
	DISCUS	
(1) Boudreaux, C.	(2) Merritt	93 ft.
	440 YARD DASH	
(1) Singleton	(2) Dalferes	54 $\frac{1}{5}$ sec.
	220 YARD HURDLES	
(1) Boudreaux, C.	(2) Martin	27 sec.
	BROAD JUMP	
(1) Bogarry	(2) Singleton	19 ft. 9 in.
	RELAY	
	Bunt	
	Tanner	
	Martin	
	Singleton	3 min. 53 sec.



Freshie's Version of a Certain Football Game

The game was going scrumptious,
Yes, sir, you bet,
'Till our men got rambunctious
And made the whole line sweat.

Then Mr. Singleton took the hogskin,
And went around left end;
If they were going to stop him,
There was no telling when.

Our men just tore up all the plays,
Like dynamite in a mine,
And soon we had the hogskin
Placed on the ten-yard line.

Then I go around among the spectators
Trying to get a bet on the game,
But all had gone prognosticated,
Just the very same.

While I was hunting for a bet
I heard an awful yell,
And Mr. Jagou, with the ball,
Had behind the goal-posts fell.

Now, from then on the game was ours,
There was no disputing that,
And on that bet Id put up all—
My girl and my Sunday hat.

Johnny Crook

Johnny Crook was a funny boy,
When he laughed, he laughed all over his face;
He never knew his lessons,
Nor in class, he never knew his place.
He could keep the room in a titter
And an uproar all the time;
His ears he'd work like a donkey's
And his hair stood up like a porcupine.
One day with his funny antics,
I thought he'd drive me mad,
And I said, "Johnny, I'll send for your father
Unless you behave or become a better lad."
"Gee, but you'll regret it, ma'am," said Johnny,
With a twinkle in his eyes, that were exquisite;
"'Cause my pa's a man, you know, who charges
Three dollars every visit."

One day Johnny seemed to infuse
Mischief into all the class;
At such times the books were laid away,
And the lessons we let pass;
For they all were fond of stories
And this was a capital way
To take their attention from Johnny,
And make them forget their play.

"Now, since we're ready for a story,"
I said, "Wonder what it shall be?"
When up spoke a dozen voices:
"Let's have Natural History."
First I told them stories of animals they knew,
Then I told of others—and as I saw their interest grew
I stopped and asked, "What is a Ground Hog,
Can anyone here tell?"
For a moment all was silent;
Then Johnny broke the spell,
For quickly rising from his seat,
He said, in a voice quite loud and hoarse:
"Gee, ma'am, I knowed all the time;
It's a sausage, of course."

The Cane Patch Rounders

ONE night when all was dark and still the "Cane Patch Gang" held a meeting for the purpose of deciding whose patch was to be raided. It did not take very long for the boys to decide where and when to go. "Frenchman" was chosen leader, and at the appointed hour we found ourselves on the way to the cane patch.

Softly and slowly we stole into the field, making as little noise as possible. As the cane was at a distance from the road it was necessary for us to walk several hundred feet to get to it. When we were about ten yards from the cane, "Squad halt!" was heard from the commanding voice of the leader. Hasty parley was held before charging on the enemy, and such instructions as, "Boys, don't make too much noise in breaking your cane; scatter out and take your time," were given by the leader. Having given his commands he charged upon the enemy and the hasty breaking of cane followed. Everything was progressing nicely when all at once the silence was broken by two successive shots, fired from the other end of the patch.

The night was dark, the field was rough, for it had recently been plowed, and a long light glimmered from the window of the girl's dormitory, but no command was heard from the leader. No one waited for a command, but everybody snatched what little cane he had gathered and set a pace which, if it had been timed, would have set a new record for the quarter-mile. The high-jump record, too, was broken, when "Freshie" cleared the top of the gate back of the barn.

The leader, who had not left the patch, on account of being fear-stricken, stood on his knees and said, "O Lord! O Lord! O Lord! deliver me." Now, Comfort, who had an armful of cane, started off trembling every once in a while, and dropping his cane-stalks, saying, "That's nice, here I go." He would not stop to pick them up, because the gunshot was still ringing in his ears, and the dormitory was yet too far away to stop. Hebert, who was handicapped by having the biggest load, rolled into a ditch nearby still hugging his cane, where he remained for some minutes and, panting for loss of breath said, "Well, I guess I am quite safe here." Freshie, who because he was new with the gang, had showed some signs of fear before entering the patch, set up a strong pace, but finally landed in some cockle-burr briers. At last he extricated himself with the expression: "Never again," and away he made for the barn.

Now, we come to "Big Boy!" He, unfortunately did not have many canestalks, but some way or other he was handicapped on account of his

weight. He chose what seemed to him a clear road, and away he went, saying, "Here is where I make a touch-down on a clear field," but as the last syllable was pronounced, up sprang a little rabbit, which he had frightened, and downed the Big Boy by getting tangled in his feet. "Go on, Mr. Rabbit," was heard as he picked himself up and started up across the field, but as he resumed his pace he was again interrupted by the voice of the leader, who had summoned up courage and who was still in the patch, yelling: "Old woman, Old woman, wait for me!"

Then, too, I must tell you of Sam's bravery. He made up his mind that he was not going to run, so he lay down between two cane rows, and waited for a clear field. Not long afterward a man passed by, and Sam got up, saying, "Well, am I the only guy you caught?"

"Yes," answered the man, "You and that bunch of sugar cane. That's a bad start for a young man."

"Yes, but if you will turn your back I'll get a good one," replied Sam. Comfort, who by his looks can run the hundred in 26 flat, led the bunch and found himself on the Institute ground within two minutes after the shot. Freshie came up five minutes later, but would not stop to talk the matter over; so he made for his cozy nest. The rest sat by the barn to enjoy the spoil. Big Boy, who was satisfied with one touch-down, could not eat any cane because of his excessive joy over finding himself whole again, but immediately went to bed. Thus disbanded the famous gang known as the "Cane Patch Rounders."

O. H.

Johnny's Football

Johnny was reared with tender care
Under the maternal roof;
But over this home there fell a haze
When football suddenly this lad did craze.
His mother sighed, but said: "Oh, dear,
For this saintly lad I need not fear."

Johnny's modest, quiet air all day
Was like a perfect chime;
But when football took him away from home,
And he found himself where he could roam,
You'd think that he was sporty all the time.

Rape of the Lock--(Parody)

"What dire offense from amorous causes spring,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things;
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If she inspire, and he approve my lays."
The hall was crowded and the lights were bright,
And all were happy on this festal night;
The boys of both societies were there,
And all the maidens showed their faces fair;
Yes, each was fair, but one there was so bright,
That Venus or the great north star was night
When once compared with her for grace or light;
Her eyes were two large diamonds, sparkling clear,
Her whole appearance dazzled, far and near;
But Oh! words leave me when I once begin
To tell of the superbness of her chin!
But think of goddess, fairy, elf, or sprite,
And then, perhaps, that you will guess aright
To say her throat and chin so fair to be,
That all of these would envy could they see.
So why should any one a mortal blame,
Who for this cause, commits a deed of shame;
Who falls beneath the Tempter's cruel power,
And yields to sin, in an unguarded hour.
But this is just what happened at this time;
I'll tell you, and then you can judge the crime.
A knight, not tall, but handsome, brave and bold,
Who was unto this maid a lover old,
Stood off, and gazed upon her, all amazed;
At so much beauty, he was almost dazed;
And then the thought came: "Would it be a sin,
If I but once should touch that lovely chin?"
"I dare not touch her hair, or lips, or face,
But, oh ye gods! just lend me help and grace
To feel the velvet softness of that skin!
To place my fingers once beneath that chin!"
Each lad had for himself a sweetheart got,

But no one did suspect the dreadful plot:
And so, the villain slowly neared his prey,
And no one noticed; all were bright and gay;
At last, he took a stand behind the boy,
Who talked with her, and gave her so much joy;
Oh, could some angel tell to her the fate
That did her laughter and her beauty wait!
He touched her chin—the glorious prize was won!
“In tasks so bold can little men engage,
And in soft bosoms dwell such mighty rage!
At this, the blood the virgin’s cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spread o’er all her look;”
She stamped her foot, her voice with wrath was loud:
“How dare you do that here in all this crowd!”
The lasses left their lovers and their sides,
And ran unto the maid to sympathize;
And all the boys, with fist, and frown, and shout,
Advanced upon the culprit, put him out.
For many days, however much he’d seek,
He couldn’t even make the maiden speak.
But whether great or humble, wise men say,
An honest love will always find a way;
And by apologizing for awhile
He finally won again the maiden’s smile.
But boys, when tempted by sweet maidens fair,
Just think of that fair chin, and then beware!



Teacher's Class

Shall I ever forget it, that day in September,
The day that I entered at S. L. I. I.
Ah, No! No, I think I shall ever remember
'Till the day I lay down and die.
While the spirit of poetry o'er me is stealing
I'll try if you'll listen and tell of a few.
A few of the girls I think of with feeling—
Our classmates of the gold and the blue.

There was a young lady named Mary,
Now Mary was very contrary
'Till she came here to school
And then broke the rule!
Why, this Mary equalled the famed "Mary Cary."

There was a young lady named Lorraine,
And many doubted if she really was sane,
At psychology class
She chatted—alas!
And drove our poor teacher insane.

Alice Mullican, the small, the smart and the sage.
When things went wrong—my, she could rage!
Her lessons she learned
And the boys she did spurn.
Unlike the other girls—Oh, let's turn the page!

There was a co-ed named Willie Lee
Who was very, very fair to see.
Her blushes betrayed
The fine plays she made
When on the tennis court—Oh, me!

Now, Mary B., a student is she
And very good natured I'm sure you'll agree,
'Till one day in the hall
Without any call
She was angered—Oh, Gee!

There was a young lady named Kate,
Who at psy class was usually late,
And badly was she teased,
When they called out with ease:
"Oh, Kate! Oh, Kate! Who's that at the gate?"

There was a "jeune veuve" named Anna
Who never forgot her dignified manner;
Very handsome to see,
A rare smile had she—
This charming young lady named Anna.

Madge is so bright and vivacious
And I fear just a little flirtatious;
An excellent dancer is she;
On this we would certainly agree,
But her teaching marks, "Good Gracious!"

There was a co-ed named Louise,
Who tried hard her teachers to please;
In trig she did excel,
In physics to do well
She would almost get down on her knees.

Now, there's Vesta, the brunette,
And over exams, my! she does fret!
She's 'fraid she'll fail,
And with fear she does quail,
But always she passes. You bet!

There was a young lady named Frances
Who was noted for her new fangled dances;
On dancing she doted,
And once was reported,
Because she took too many chances.

There's Alice, a fine girl she was,
But in talking she never did pause.
She talked in the day time,
She talked in the night time,
Why Alice could talk without cause.

There was a young lady named Nona,
And all her classmates did own her,
The best in her tests,
The leader of the rest,
But oh her teaching—Poor Nona!

Now there's cute little Etta,
Some good boy will surely get her;
Original sayings galore,
Hundreds or more,
And she'll tell them to you, if you'll let her.

There was a young lady named Dora,
I'm sure you all ought to know her;
Her complexion was fair,
And light was her hair,
Some one will surely adore her.

Last, but not least, comes Lena,
With her calm and unruffled demeanor;
Her answers are slow,
In a voice sweet and low.
By this charming young lady named Lena.

No, No, I'll never forget it, that day in September—
The day that I entered at S. L. I. I.
Ah! yes, I think I shall ever remember
'Till the day I lay down and die.
My school days—a pain in my heart is stealing
As I dream of my schoolmates both many and few—
A few of the girls I think of with feeling—
Our classmates of the gold and blue.



Senior Class Alphabet

A stands for Aloysius,
Whose like there is but few;
Launey knows John Milton,
As well as I know you.

B stands for Breaux,
Who laughs and smiles all day;
In French she's far superior
To every one they say.

C stands for Charles,
The Attakapas' president;
He's always someone's "Comfort,"
And is a perfect gent.

D stands for Denbo,
The real gridiron star;
His center-bucks are swifter
Than others are, by far.

E stands for Eunice,
Who of stature is quite small;
She's in for all that's fun,
Especially in the hall.

F stands for Franklin,
Who sings in the tenor key;
His "Imitations of Immorality"
Have brought Boyd fame, you see.

G stands for Girard,
A model boy is he;
Eloi stands for all that's right,
A great man shall he be!

H stands for Hilda,
By whom a medal has been won,
For diligence in music,
And practising well done.

I stands for Industry,
That which we all hold dear,
But foremost in the class for work,
Is good old A. Lafleur.

J stands for Jagou,
Southwestern's speedy end;
He loves to read "Ben Abou,"
And certainly sways the pen.

L stands for Lee,
(We call him "Judge," you see);
He's president of the Avatar;
And girls do not his pleasure mar.

M stands for Mary,
With heart as good as gold,
Whose virtues are so many
They couldn't all be told.

N stands for next
In line is Eppie Moss;
In tennis, basket-ball and other games
She'll surely win the toss.

O stands for Oden,
The most studious of the class;
He need not fear exams,
For he is sure to pass!

P stands for Pat
Whose other name means "sheep;"
What makes him watch the baker-cart,
If 'tis not for bread to eat?

R stands for Roy,
Who does this story tell;
He will not praise his virtues,
For he knows his faults too well.

S stands for Sam;
He says he does not fear,
For ere many years are gone,
He'll call *her* "precious dear!"

V stands for Voorhies—
Professor to be sure;
Launey'll be an orator
Ere he leaves Southwestern's door.

J. M. R.

Caught in the Act

ONE afternoon in room 14, Peggy, Patty and Sue were telling each other their tale of woe. "My worst trouble," said Patty, "is that I don't get enough to eat, but, glory girls! mother is to send me a box Thursday. It is my birthday."

"Hurrah! that will be loads of fun, and listen, girls, let's have a feast," said Sue.

They now began to plan the feast. They would make the candy on the chafing dish and take the sugar, butter and milk from the table. Mary, the house girl, would bring the alcohol and nuts.

"I'll tell you, girls," said Peggy, "let's ask Nancy, Beth and Ruth to come. The more the merrier; and if we get caught there will be more to be punished; and if we are confined we can have a good time together."

Every day the six girls could be seen together talking and whispering and eagerly watching for the box. Finally the eventful day arrived, and with it a large box addressed to Miss Patty Smith. The girls would not open the box for fear the temptation would be so great that they could not help but taste; but they all peeped through the crack and the first thing they saw was a great big, white cake. The joys that the sight of that cake aroused could hardly be expressed.

Patty and Peggy were walking on the campus Thursday afternoon, when the messenger boy brought a telegram directed to Peggy. The telegram said for Peggy to come home on the next train; but no explanations were given. Peggy had only thirty minutes in which to catch the next train. The girls were very much excited and worried, and hindered Peggy in their efforts to help more than they aided. Finally the bus arrived and Peggy was driven away. The five sat in room 14 and thought of every disaster that could befall anyone but could not decide what had happened to Peggy's people. Soon, however, their thoughts returned to the feast. As everything had gone so far they decided to have it and the preparations began.

Not much studying was done that night and when the bell rang Patty, Sue, Nancy, Beth and Ruth were the first girls in bed.

As the clock struck twelve, Sue and Patty crept out of bed and while they were lighting the candle, Nancy, Beth and Ruth crept into their room. Very quietly they began preparing the feast, and, oh! what a feast it was. There were ham sandwiches, fried chicken, chicken salad, cake and fruit, and the candy that Ruth and Nancy were making would soon be done.

They worked quickly and quietly but felt safe as Miss Gray had gone in town for the night and there was no teacher in their end of the dormitory.

Suddenly voices were heard in the hall; you can very well imagine how high the girl's hearts rose in their throats. Steps were heard; and coming up the hall, too. "Put out the chafing dish lamp," whispered Sue. "Blow out the candle and get under the beds Ruth, Beth and Nancy, while Sue and I get in bed," said Patty. As they scrambled into bed the door-knob turned and in walked a figure wearing a heavy coat and veiled hat. The girls thought their hearts must be heard they were beating so hard. Horrors, the figure was going toward the table and they had not had time to put up the things.

"Patty, Sue, are you asleep?" said the figure.

"Oh! Peggy! is that you?" they screamed together. They jumped out of bed and threw their arms around her neck, while from under the bed Ruth, Beth and Nancy crawled. "Tell us what was the matter, was any one sick? Who was hurt? Is anyone dead?" they all asked together. "No, no," said Peggy, "Mamma just wanted me to come home and try on my graduating dress, and it is just the prettiest thing. What is this I smell, and what are you girls doing in here? Have you had the feast?"

"No, I guess we didn't," said Sue, "but come on, girls, we will have it now."

M. B. G.



A Freshie's Request

While pacing down the silent hall,
Buried deep in thought while all
O'er their books were studiously bent,
As though it were in mere contempt,
A Freshie sad, saw I, as I took a stride,
Whose appearance denoted that he had cried.
Sad, indeed, for a sadder heart could never be.
Beside his bed he was on his knees.
These few words I heard him say:
"O, Lord! deliver me from their traps,
Gauntlet, with belts and razor strops.
And all the more I hate them because,
On a poor fellow they romp without a cause.
They make me whistle, dance, and sing,
While they all stand around me in a ring;
They feed me on "zip" bread and fried potatoes;
They call me "Freshie" and all such names,
That makes my heart ache with pains.
Call me home, oh, mother dear!
For my eyes are loaded with a tear.
Father, dear, please call me back,
And let my weary head rest on thy lap,
And I will be ready to lay me down and die."

O. H.

Buck's Love Affairs

IGNATIUS Buck was sitting in his low-armed chair, with his feet on the radiator, and a big pipe in his mouth. Large puffs of smoke were rising to the ceiling and he was admiring their ascent. Buck had a note in his hand which he held close to his breast. "Oh! she is the fairest of all girls," he said, with a sigh. "She writes to me every day, such lovely notes, too. How sad I'll be not to see her lovely face any more. Just think, I must leave to-day. I wonder if she is thinking of my departure." He rose suddenly and paced the room with his hands folded at his back.

Not long after, he threw his pipe on the table and took out his watch. "It is half-past eight now, and in half an hour she will be at the main building waiting for me," he said, while he thrust back his watch into his pocket. Then he went to the glass and fixed his collar tightly, powdered his face, and brushed his hair. He walked to the door. "Lanks! Oh, come here," he shouted. The door opened and a long, tall, slender boy entered. "How now, Lanks?" inquired Buck.

"Oh! so, so," replied Lanks.

"Say, Lanks, Mary said she wants you to go to the depot this evening to see her before she leaves. She is crazy about you," said Buck.

"Is that all you want with me? You are always talking about girls. I don't see how you ever finished school. You're the biggest flirt that ever walked on this campus," retorted Lanks, going out of the room.

"I knew he would get cold feet. He is afraid of a girl. I am sure he thinks I am joking. What do I care. I am going now to see my girl," thought Buck, slamming the door as he passed out.

At the corner of the main building was Ruby, a young brunette, waiting for Buck. "Hello, Buck! why are you so late? I've been waiting for you half an hour," said Ruby.

"It is only nine now and I didn't think you were here yet," replied Buck.

"Let us sit down on the bench under the tree, Buck. When are you going home?" asked Ruby, when they were seated.

"This evening at two," answered Buck.

"You must be glad," Ruby said, with a smile.

"Very, but I am real sorry to leave you. Oh, how I'll miss your sweet face, Ruby. I can't bear to think of it."

"How about Mary?" inquired Ruby.

"About who? Mary? What do you mean?" asked Buck.

"Don't look puzzled Buck; you know that you have been writing to Mary," said Ruby.

"Why I-I-er-I was only flirting with her," replied Buck sharply.

"I see and you mean to flirt with me, but nix. I've got your number now. You can't fool me. I am going home," said Ruby, rising.

"Ple-e-ease don't. I-er, I am in earnest," said Buck.

"You can flirt with Mary, but I won't stand it," said Ruby, determinately.

"Ah! but I don't mean to flirt with you, I am in earnest. I've always been true to you, and you must not treat me this way now," said Buck.

"Good-bye, Buck, when you will be good enough, drop me a line; until then farewell," said Ruby, taking her leave.

Buck hurried to his room and packed up his valise and left on the branch for Carencro, provoked with himself; and the word "stung" was on his mind continuously. "I hate her, anyway. I will write to Mary to-night," was Buck's final conclusion.

O. T. H., '13.

Katzenjammer Girls

Of all the girls the earth can show,
The Katzenjammers are best to know.
Their fun begins at the break of day,
And, oh! the things those girls do say.
They dodge the teachers all day long,
And together they stay in one big throng,
And with the boys they have their fun;
Where other girls stop, they've just begun.
You'll know these eight by their looks so fair,
And with bitter weeds they entwine their hair.
This is the flower of their heart
From this they never will depart.
Their motto good, is don't grow old,
As long as ropes in the store are sold.
We are the jolliest club on earth,
But other folks don't know our worth.



Teachers' Dormitory Regulations

1. Teachers are required to stay out of girls' rooms during study hour.
 2. No pictures of French teacher or chaperon allowed on walls,
 3. Teachers must get permission from girls to whistle in halls.
 4. No candy, cake or canned goods shall be carried to teachers' rooms.
- Health regulations forbid it.
5. Teachers must not run down halls, as the noise disturbs the girls.
 6. Scraps of chicken must not be thrown from the windows.
 7. Teachers must positively beware of tennis courts when boys are hanging around.
 8. No talking after lights are out.
 9. Quiet, womanly deportment is expected at all times.
 10. No smoking allowed in dormitory.
 11. Teachers must not eat anything but biscuits and cornflakes for breakfast.
 12. Teachers must eat hash, as it is good for the brain.
 13. Teachers must not use bad language in dormitory.
 14. Teachers must comb their hair and put on collars before coming to the dining room.
 15. Teachers must not go to town without chaperones.
 16. Teachers must not talk to boys while on campus.

Would the World Come to an End If

Dr. Stephen's hair would grow?
Miss Dupre fell in love?
Mr. Hogan gave someone a glass of buttermilk?
Mr. Agate got good-looking?
Mr. Goldsmith went "BUGS?"
Miss Leftwich's hair was ever seen combed?
Miss McLaurin had a temper?
Miss Hebrard wasn't absent-minded?
Miss Landau were given a rest?
Mr. McCallum were seen smiling?
Mr Lee became a farmer?
Mr. Bittle lost his "Just for fun?"
Miss Jones ever got as thin as her picture?
Lady Baker answered the 'phone?
Mrs. Ramsey wasn't pleasant?
Miss Hopkins got stout?
Miss Gueydan got a "move" on her?
Coach Prather grew taller?
Mr. Griffin lost his "Cap?"
Mr. Reaves didn't blush?
Mr. McNaspy kept his appointments?
Mr. Woodson lost a nickle?
Mr. Bond built a home?
Mr. Sontag quit smoking?
All teachers attended Faculty meetings?

Our Guys

"I'm the guy who put the toot in Institute"—Mr. Agate.

"I'm the guy who put the spy on McNaspy."

"I'm the guy who put the gold in Goldsmith."

"I'm the guy who put the gay in Gueydan."

"I'm the guy who put the hop in Hopkins."

"I'm the guy who put the eaves in Reaves."

"I'm the guy who put the length in Prather."

"I'm the guy who put the hog in Hogan."

"I'm the guy who JUDGEd Lee."

"I'm the guy who put Steve in Stephens."

"I'm the guy who put the pray in Dupre."

"I'm the guy who put the conceit in Griffin."

"I'm the guy who put the merit in Merritt."

"I'm the guy who named the candy Launeys."

"I'm the guy who put the beer in Bierhorst."

"I'm the guy who put the ham in Bickham."

"I'm the guy who put the just in Justine."

"I'm the guy who put the non in Nona."

"I'm the guy who put the hay in Haydel."

"I'm the guy who put the wood in Kirkwood."

"I'm the guy who put the ski in Skiles."

"I'm the guy who put the herd in Shepherd."

"I'm the guy who put the whip to Whipple."

"I'm the guy who put the jag in Jagou."

"I'm the guy who put the dun in Dunning."

"I'm the guy who put the marsh in Marshall."

"I'm the guy who put the carve in Carver."

Ask Mr. Griffin why the chocolate was burned at the social.

Ask Yvonne what she did to Maxime.

Ask Sam what's the matter with Mary B.

Ask Miss Dupre where the 3rd A classes' candy went.

Ask Franklin what became of Mrs. Grayson's chickens.

Ask Lloyd what made Belle stop loving him.

Ask Eppie why she loves "GYM(Jim)."

Ask Eppie who is the best Pitcher she knows.

Ask Willie Lee what makes her blush.

Ask Dr. Stephens what to do when chess comes in the midst of business.

Ask Mr. Sontag who invented his system of grading.

Ask Mr. Hogan for a glass of buttermilk—and see if you get it.

Ask Mr. Bond why he lets matches burn down to his fingers.

Ask Mr. Griffin which he prefers—veal or *mutton*.

Ask Miss Leftwich when she last made a touchdown.

Ask Miss Jones the best way to measure a ditch.

MR. FOOTE—"What would be the best time for the teacher to set aside to train the imagination?"

ALICE MULLICAN (Immediately)—"Why—er—early in the morning."

MR. FOOTE—"What sort of attention are you giving, Miss Thigpen, voluntary or involuntary?"

"I ain't giving you none," was Etta's elegant reply.

MISS LARRABEE (to Effie at the board who was looking around for help)—"Effie, face the board; don't look at anyone."

EFFIE (innocently)—"I'm not looking at any one. I'm looking at you."

ETTA to Paul—"What is the meaning of Botany?"

PAUL—"Botany is the study of astronomy."

MISS HEBRARD—"Use precipitated in a sentence."

FRESHIE—"Henry precipitated John."

MR. FOOTE to Mary C., in spelling—"Give me a sentence using the word bisected."

MARY C.—"Frances bisected the apple in one bite."

MISS SUDDUTH, to pupil at high school—"Give me a sentence with the word choose."

JOHNNIE—"I chews gum."

TEACHER (to Senior)—“What is a planet?”

BRILLIANT SENIOR—“A planet is a celestial being revolving around the sun.”

MISS DUPRE—“Franklin, what is the name of the poem we are studying for to-day?”

FRANKLIN (a Senior)—“Intimations of Immorality from Recollections of Early Childhood.”

MISS DUPRE (in despair)—“Pat, will you please give us the name of the poem we are studying to-day?”

PAT (another brilliant Senior)—“Imitations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood.”

DR. STEPHENS (at roll call in the morning)—“Preparatory.”

MR. FOOTE—“Seven-ought-ought.”

DR. STEPHENS—“Telegraphy.”

MR. HOGAN—“One absent, seven present; no, two absent, seven present; total eight.”

DR. STEPHENS—“Seven and two are eight, then?”

MISS DUPRE—“John, how do you like your new teachers?”

JOHN (a new prep)—“I like Mr. Foote, he is such a nice, good teacher; but those practice teachers—well, I don’t know about them yet.”

CHARLES—“Adner, what gave you that black eye?”

ADNER—“I was watching the football game through a knothole and the sun burned it.”

DR. STEPHENS (after a lengthy discussion on sanitation)—“Do any of the teachers wish to add anything?”

MR. AGATE—“I think, Doctor, that there should be a law against having dead snakes and cats in a class-room.”

MR. GOLDSMITH (on the defensive)—“And I think, Dr. Stephens, there should be a law against having dead pupils and a dead teacher in a class-room.”

MARY B.—“Who’s President of the United States?”

WILLIE LEE—“George Washington.”

TEACHER—“Who assassinated President Lincoln?”

PAUL (instantly)—“Mr. Davis.”

MISS DUPRE—"Give a passage from Paradise Lost."

MARY (reciting proudly)—"I'd rather reign in Heaven than serve in Hell."

DR. STEPHENS (at Assembly)—"Any announcements?"

MR. AGATE—"I have letters from old graduates telling of their success that will make your hair stand on end."

DR. STEPHENS (touching his shining pate)—"Will they make hair grow?"



Thank You Kindly One and All

GETTING up an ANNUAL is what may be technically described as SOME JOB. Wisdom, Patience, and Charitableness, Vision, Vigor, and Eternal Vigilance are some of the virtues that the Manager and Editors must have, if they Deliver the Goods. Getting up the Idea, starting the Desire, winning enough subscriptions to secure a guarantee, effecting a good contract, soliciting the advertisements, preparing the "Copy," taking the pictures (O ye gods, the Pictures!), reading the proof, getting the edition out on time, and disposing of the books without a loss—these things, Believe Us, are not so easy as the Road to Avernus. If we have come any way near to doing these things with credit in the case of L'ACADIEN, it is because of the Help of all who have co-operated with us. And these words are to express our Grateful Appreciation. Faculty, Students, Advertisers, Random Subscribers, And All Other Helpers and Sympathizers are hereby given a Vote of Thanks by

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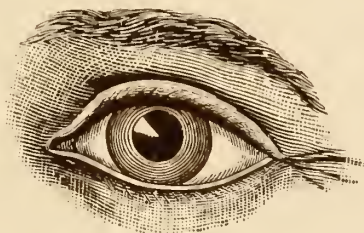
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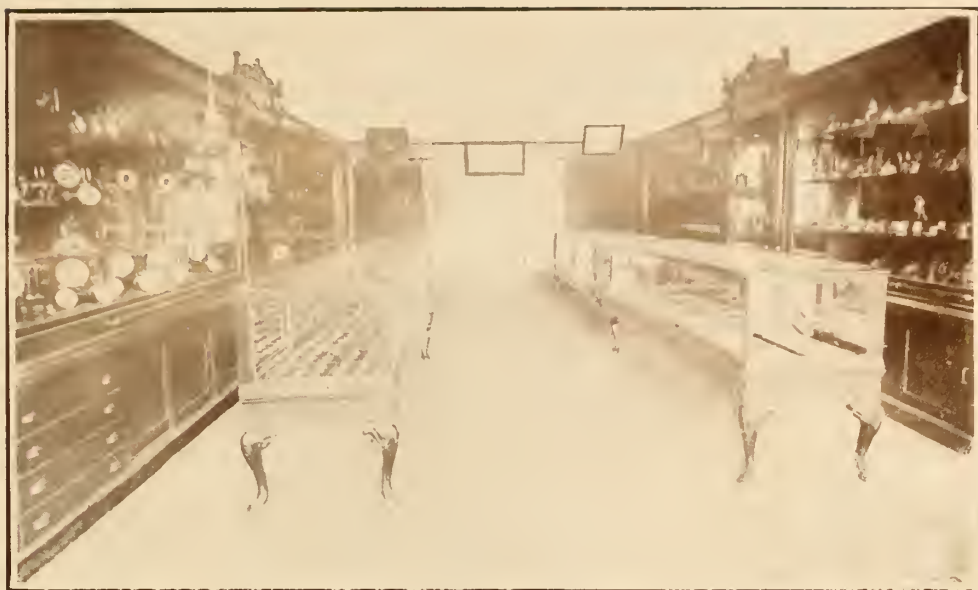
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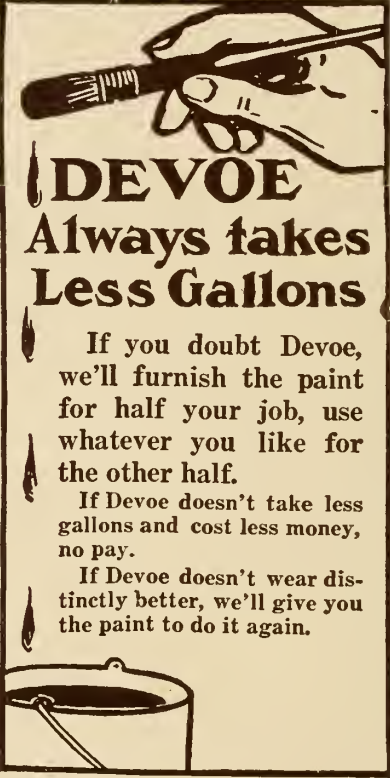
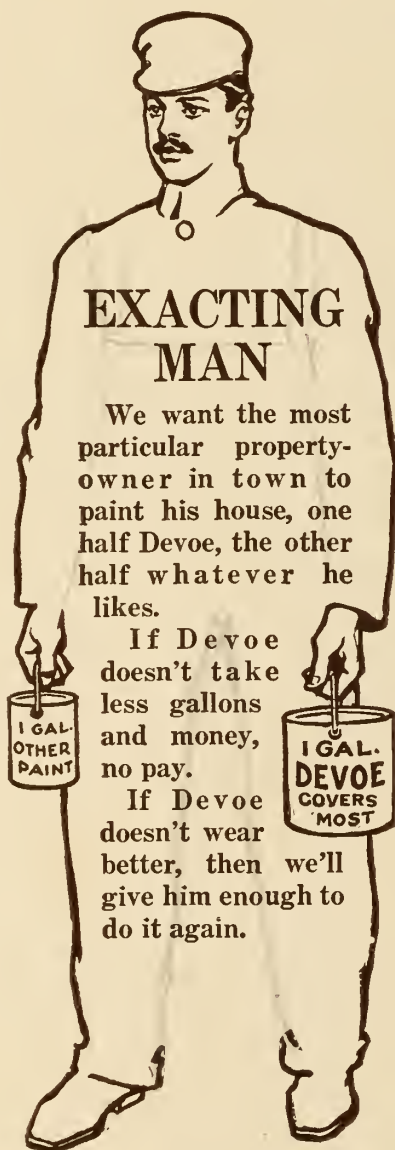
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ideals of its editors and contributors as she has lovingly bestowed upon their mental and moral training. We believe we have done our work well, but the printed page has a tongue of its own, and speaks no uncertain language to the seeing eye. What does it say to you ?



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